

The TATLER

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London
January 11, 1939



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The TATLER

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MADAME ANTENOR PATINO—THE WORLD'S BEST DRESSED WOMAN

A new portrait of the wife of the new Bolivian Minister in London, to whom the Paris dress designers have awarded the coveted social award of "The Best Dressed Woman." The Duchess of Windsor, now second, was the last person to hold this title, and the Duchess of Kent is considered the third best-dressed woman in the world. Madame Patino is a Bourbon, and is a daughter of the Duc et Duchesse de Durcal. Her husband is heir to one of the five largest fortunes in the world, which he will inherit from his father, Don Simon Patino, Bolivian Minister to France

And the World said—

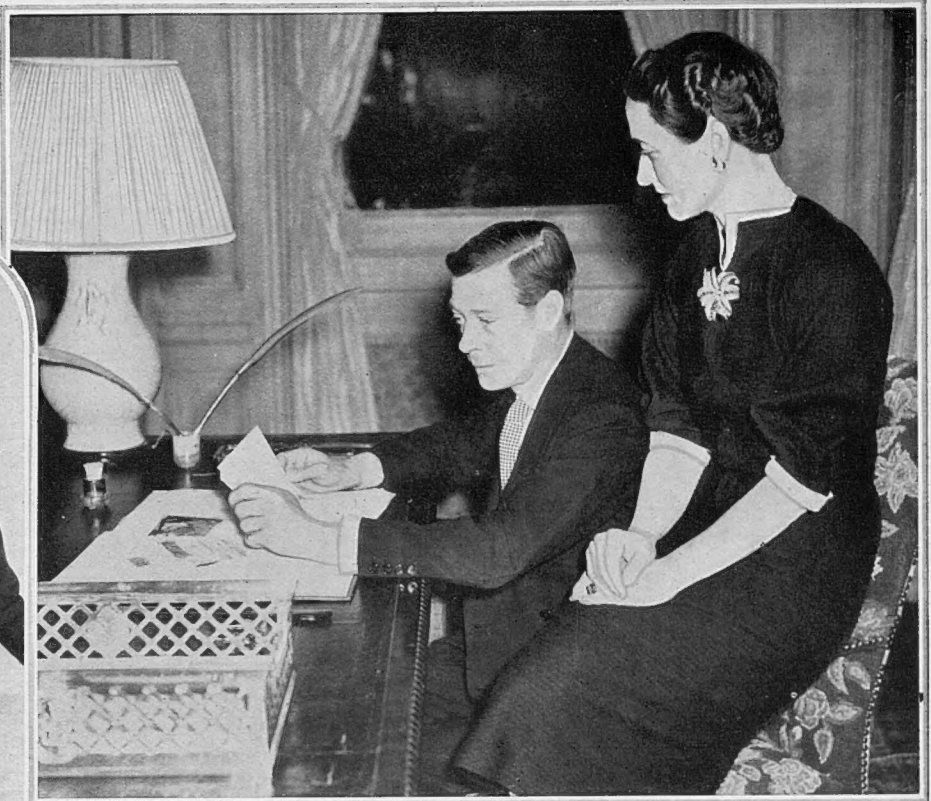


WINTER SPORTERS

The Duke of Alba and his daughter, Donna Cayatana FitzJames Stuart y de Silva, about to skim down to Celerina. Both the seventeenth Duque de Alba de Torres, General Franco's Envoy in London, and Donna Cayatana are experts on skis. They are staying at St. Moritz

"Gentlemen don't like Love"—
COLE PORTER.

THERE is no better way of getting yourself inside what is being said, thought and done in New York City than to rush from the liner (which invariably docks twelve hours after the advertised time, owing to a Thames fog in the Hudson) to the smash musical hit of the season; so after waiting an hour on the freezing quay for a Customs official, whose courtesy was even greater than his slowness (nobody hustles), I arrived at Cole Porter's *Leave It To Me*—funnier than anything he did before. The Americans, like the French, love to laugh at themselves, their politicians and the current stunts, so this musical comedy instead of having a 1908 plot about a princess in distress in Hentzau who sings two hot American numbers until they are lukewarm, is about an ambassador who was a perfectly good and happy bath-tub manufacturer (Victor Moore, apotheosis of "Ornery" hard-working, humorous, hen-pecked citizen with a boyish grin in a middle



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR AT THEIR VILLA LA CROE, CAP D'ANTIBES

The above photograph was taken by special permission to mark the occasion of the New Year which the Duke and Duchess of Windsor spent very quietly at their beautiful villa near Cannes. The room displayed is H.R.H.'s study and where he was much occupied attending to the very many New Year messages which reached him and the Duchess of Windsor. H.R.H.'s new house in Paris is in the Boulevard Suchet



AT A CHIRK CASTLE GATHERING

Truman Howell

The Hon. John Scott-Ellis, only son of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, and his twin sister, the Hon. Mrs. James Lindsay, were two members of the large house party staying for Christmas and the New Year at the family place near Llangollen. Guests included several famous artists who gave their services at a concert in aid of Chirk Cottage Hospital on December 30. The former Hon. Bronwen Scott-Ellis is married to the younger son of Lord and Lady Crawford

aged face, awful clothes and a stout heart) until it suited Washington to make him Ambassador to Moscow. Sophie Tucker is his wife; and they have six pretty daughters who wish they were nine. "Soph-ole-gal" takes a *corps de ballet* and several tons of caviare with them to show the Russians they have nothing on a Kansas Momma. The adventures of this ambitious lady and her misfit husband who tried to get disgraced and be recalled from a country where he is miserable in his job which involves knee-breeches, make it a riotous evening. The Ambassador has a reporter pal who thinks up *gaffes* for him to commit, but each turns to his credit and finally he becomes a hero, having saved Stalin from an assassin with his pea-shooter (by mistake), and kicked the German Ambassador in what is not called "a vulnerable spot" in this outspoken country. As he crushed his toe on the Nazi representative's corsets he is next seen receiving the congratulations of the other ambassadors, lying down. The Frenchman, kissing him on both cheeks (to his horror) says "France will never forget," but the Englishman, looking every inch an elderly Etonian, makes a little speech in tired, cultivated tones to the effect that his country admires and deplors the American Ambassador's actions, both thanking him and

censuring his impetuosity; while receiving the right to draft a Note when it sees which way the wind blows. This dig brings the house down, and my hosts said hastily, "You mustn't mind." I told them an English audience would laugh quite as heartily. This is the only satire on us, except when Sophie Tucker teaches her modest little daughters to chew gum, show their thighs and do the "shimmy" in preparation for London, telling them to remember England is the Mother Country where Americans must still appear as barbarians *par politesse*. Later, after her husband's *trionphe* she shouts, "I won't take London now, I'll be Ambassadress-at-large." She has the best song, *Gentlemen Don't Like Love*. Another hit is put over by a girl new to Broadway—Mary Martin from Texas—with a voice like a saw and a superb figure, who does a strip tease in a Siberian snowstorm, finally winding up in the best-looking fur jacket you ever saw and nothing else to speak of. Her number is called *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, daddy being an elderly supporter of a jealous disposition. It reminded me of those impolite legends about the Crusades when noble husbands went to Palestine and their ladies waited in winding towers with tapestry and troubadours. You know.

This show makes it clear the persecution of Jews by Germans is abhorrent to American ideals. New York has more Germans than any city outside Germany and an enormous Jewish population, so the re-action is natural; it is also local. The bulk of the country, while deploring uncivilized action, has its own Jewish problem and fears the immigration of still more competitors in the labour market. You don't hear this undercurrent of alarm except by word of mouth, the Press is violently anti-Nazi. The movies, the stage, the clothing trade (and there are a good many people to dress in forty-eight States) being almost one hundred per cent Jewish, are powerful propaganda. Americans of whatsoever breed or creed loathe cruelty and mass repression. Their spirit is friendly and helpful. America wants every man in the world to be happy and have a job. She can't see why the nations of Europe don't work out together in peace; trading and exchanging culture. We tell her she does not have to live in Europe and she says, "Sure," politely, but our tension does not yet make sense to her.



Bassano

IN THE HONOURS LIST

Colonel Sir Maurice Hankey, one of the four New Year barons, with Lady Hankey. Sir Maurice, Secretary to the Cabinet (from 1919) and Clerk of the Privy Council (from 1923) until his retirement last year, has also lately been Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence, and his record of fine service includes many other important appointments. Since 1938 he has been British Government director of the Suez Canal Company, today so much in the news. Lady Hankey is South African born

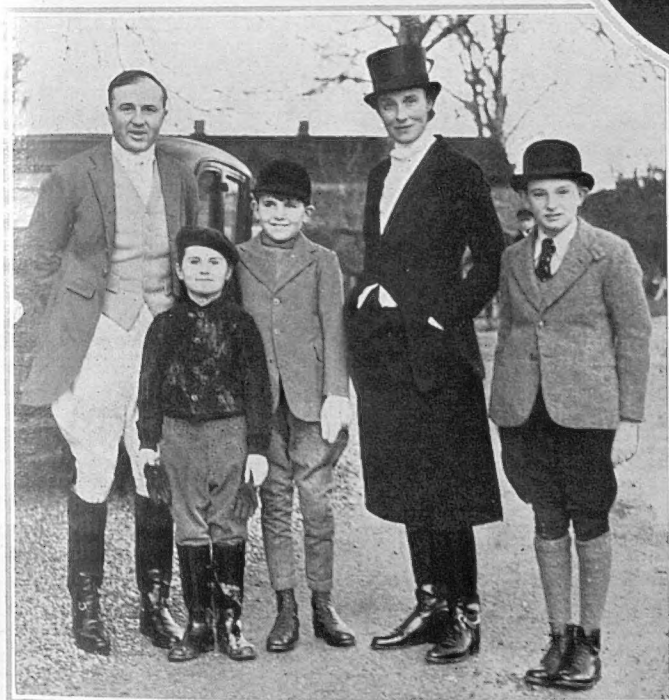


Swache

LADY REVELSTOKE

Lord Revelstoke's pretty and charming wife is the younger of Lord and Lady Hesketh's daughters and has been married since 1934. Lord and Lady Revelstoke live in Bryanston Square, with their two young children, but pay very frequent visits to Easton Neston, Lord Hesketh's place in Northamptonshire, and rarely miss a Towcester meeting on his home course.

above personal equations. England admittedly waits to see the wind blow, but her timing remains a little better than anyone else's. He came; they saw and heard; he conquered. I saw the Edens the last night of their stay, dancing in the Sert Room at the Waldorf, the most beautiful restaurant in New York, with huge impressive murals by the great Spanish artist; a silver ceiling and a pleasant band. Their party included Lady "Patsy" Ward, Ronald Tree (grown plump), Mrs. Oliver Filley (very English for an American beauty, in black lace with long ear-rings and a bun), Mrs. John C. Wilson (*née* Princess Nathalie Paley) dancing with Noel Coward who sat next to Mrs. Eden, the Hinchingsbrookes and others. I make no apology for writing about the Edens so long after, since learning that my notes on Newport last August were copied by the *New York Evening Journal* a month later. So the TATLER goes round and round. Paul Draper's tap dancing to Brahms and other classical music is the favourite cabaret act at the Sert Room where Alice Marble croons as deep as her baseline drives. She looks nice



Frank O'Brien

HUNTING IN THE GREEN ISLE

Lord and Lady Suidale with elder son Michael Hely-Hutchinson (right) and their nephew and niece Simon and Penelope Pleydell-Bouverie, children of the Hon. Bartholomew and Lady Doreen Pleydell-Bouverie, at Ballingarrane, near Clonmel, when the Tipperary hounds met there not long ago. Lord Suidale is the elder son of Lord Donoughmore, whose Irish place, Knocklofty, has Clonmel as its post town

And the World said—continued

and outdoor-girlish, but this is not her racquet. Mr. Draper is a nephew of Ruth's with red hair, an enchanting stammer and feet which do even more things than Fred Astaire's.

One of Condé Nast's famous parties happened just before I arrived. Celebrities in the Chinese-papered ballroom included the Duchess of Sutherland who has taken Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower and Lady Margaret Eger-ton to Palm Beach to stay with the R. Amcotts Wilsons at Vita Serena; Mrs. Ormon Lawson-Johnston, Elsa Maxwell (whose costume party was on the 5th); Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mrs. Vincent Astor (representing the Old Guard); the Louis Bromfields who went to Washington about which he wants to write a book; the delightful Seton Lindsays who spend three months of the year in London and fishing in England; all the lovely women in New York and some of the stage. Then Mrs. Claude Beddington ("Mother B") gave a party (most visitors wait to be entertained) and that legendary figure Captain Jefferson Davis Cohn had a supper party for Lady Ravensdale. Frazier Jelke, who has gone to Nassau, collected what the gossips call glamour girls (any painted lady in a freak hat) at his fine new apartment, for cocktails. Hats were too elaborate; the Ritzs of London and Paris never saw the like; trimmed with fur or flowers and costing a minimum forty dollars apiece. Mrs. "Archie" Campbell, who is being given a whirl, wears a boater laden with violets, considered sartorially correct even when it freezes. She was lunching at the Colony which feeds the cream of Café Society with the best, most expensive food in town. Miss Beth Leary, wearing two gold tortoiseshells, occupied her permanent table between telephoning Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys who has the lovely name "Lorraine." Dorothy Fell that was made an entrance, but Mrs. Orson D. Munn's three-tier cossack which would have stopped the traffic in Bond Street was not observed. Everyone had been to see themselves in Simon Elwess' Exhibition at Knoedler's, including Mrs. Carman Messmore whose husband's gallery it is. She was Londoner Leo Highet who used to share a flat with that brunette, lovely Lady Doria Neumann, better remembered as Lady Doria Childe. Another lovely brunette, Lady Daphne Straight, was in New York, and a genuine English blonde—Penelope Dudley-Ward, in Noel Coward's revue. Everything seems ultra prosperous, luxurious and expensive, almost like the late twenties, and it is said there will be a genuine boom if Europe gets through spring without war fever. Next week I will write about the World's Fair, as far as it goes, which is very far indeed. I only have space now for a warning—avoid the smash hit *The Boys from Syracuse*. Everyone said it was a "Must See" so, ignoring the counsel of that brilliant young highbrow Mr. Harry "Town and Country" Bull, who suggested *Knickerbocker Holiday* for its music, I suffered at this slapstick show which is Shakespeare's dreary *Comedy of Errors*

set to quite attractive tunes and interpolated with coarse humour which was never funny, not once. The audience, which included Mr. Kennedy, thought it marvellous, but I got what Americans must get at our musical comedies, a pain in the neck, and literally from the air-conditioning, an invention which has bumped off more pneumonia cases in this country than the gangsters in the good old days.

Meanwhile, the St. Moritz season continues its meteoric course in no uncertain manner and the social tempo, which reached concert pitch over New Year, still maintains a steady *crescendo*. This week's news bulletin kicks off with Captain Beddington-Behrens' successful *soirée* in honour of Princess Olga von Hessen-Philippstahl-Barchfeld's seventeenth birthday, which was staged in a rafted aerie beneath the spreading eaves of that cute little olde worlde snugglerie, The Chesa Veglia. Diners, who numbered some thirty odd, sat round a semi-circle of stout oaken trestle tables and consumed a delectable repast (the *Poulet Paprika* was excellent) to the strains of pseudo-Swiss soft music. After dinner there was louder music, and the young fry, supported by a covey of Kennedys (headed by brother "Joe," who was handicapped by a sling-shrouded right arm, and sister Kathleen, divine in dark green), enthusiastically footed a somewhat boisterous "Big Apple." Grown-ups at this lively turn-out included Principe Boncompagni-Ludovici, who sat next to Princess Christian, both of whose handsome princeling sons, Richard and Waldemar, came too. Also present were the Duca di Sangro; the Hubert Martineaus and Mrs. "Archie" MacLaren, whose *vis-à-vis* was Frau Hans Badrutt, the Palace's pleasing *châtelaine*.

Reverting to other topics, there was another gathering at Corviglia Club (in daylight this time) where prospective ski-racers and spectators fortified themselves with a hot lunch before braving a blizzard; the fallacy that St. Moritz ski-tourneys invariably take place under adverse climatic conditions being well and truly justified. Among this valiant band of intrepid entrants were the ever-smiling Princess Aspasia of Greece; her daughter, Princess Alexandra; Joyce Leigh and lots of lads like the indefatigable "Charlie" Oppenheim, "Freddie" McEvoy (more at home on the bob), and Mark-jorie, Lady Nunburnholme's ace-skier son, David Wilson. These shivering mortals, heavily numbered and disguised as Polar explorers, their faces frozen behind variegated-hued talc visors, huddled together in crocodile formation, impatiently awaiting the signal to "*sortir*," majestically given by an equally be-numbered but seemingly imperturbable Vicomte Benoist d'Azy. And maybe you'd like to know who won? The answer is Robert Readhead, the B.U.S.C.'s indomitable captain, who is also a very junior subaltern in the 12th.

* * *
CORRECTION.

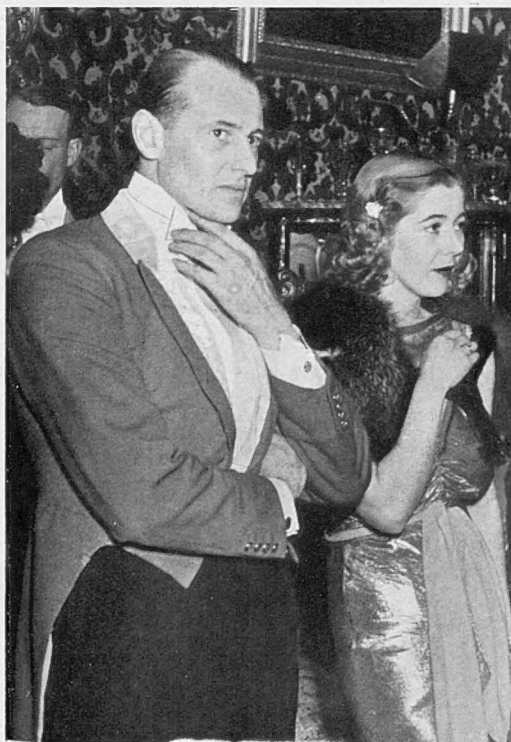
We regret that in our issue of December 14 we described little Anne Dubonnet as the daughter of Madame Dubonnet by a former marriage, whereas she is the daughter of her present husband, M. Paul Dubonnet.



AT THE CORNWALL COUNTY BALL

Lord and Lady Vivian, who brought a sizeable contingent of guests to their County Ball at Newquay, taking camera activities in good part. Major Lord Vivian, an A.D.C. to His Majesty, is Deputy Lieutenant for Cornwall and a great supporter of all the local undertakings. His place, Glynn, is near Bodmin

of whose handsome princeling sons, Richard and Waldemar, came too. Also present were the Duca di Sangro; the Hubert Martineaus and Mrs. "Archie" MacLaren, whose *vis-à-vis* was Frau Hans Badrutt, the Palace's pleasing *châtelaine*.



UP IN YORKSHIRE

Mr. Arnold Wills and Lady Lavinia Dundas at the Zetland Hunt Ball, held at Aske, Lord Zetland's place, near Richmond in the North Riding. Lady Lavinia is the second of Lord and Lady Zetland's three daughters and follows the family tradition in being as keen as mustard on the racing game
(More pictures of this event in next week's issue)

"PETER PAN"—HIS PARTY—AT CLARIDGE'S



RICHARD RHYS (NELSON) QUEEN'S PRIZE WINNER AND HUGH ROBERTS (FRANCO)



WENDY DOYLE (THE BRIDE, E.) AND L. TO R. MISS McNAMIE, MISS STELLA JEAN CONWAY GORDON AND HER SISTER AND MISS PAT WILLSHIRE



ANNE BONVILLE HUMPHREYS AND ANNE SIMON (A BLOOMER BICYCLIST)



LADY VENETIA HAY (GIPSY LEE)



LADY JUNE HAY (LITTLE TINKER BELL)



DANIEL AND CHRISTOPHER MAINGUY (TWEEDLEDEE AND TWEEDLEDUM)



THE HON. WILLIAM RUSSELL (CHIEF RUNNING WATER)

Photos Bassano

The 19th "Peter Pan" Party at Claridge's, in aid, as usual, of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, attracted the big entry of over four hundred, plus grown ups, who, of course, hardly count at all on such an occasion. The Marchioness of Cambridge, Committee Chairman, received them all, and H.M. Queen Mary graciously presented two prizes. One a doll and the other a model harbour. The winner of one of them was Richard Rhys as Lord Nelson; he is the son of the Hon. Arthur Rhys and grandson of Lord Dynevor. He is seen with another hard-fighting man at the top of this page. Two other people also handed down to us as being fond of fighting, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, were also in the money and got a first—most deservedly. They are the little sons of Commander and Mrs. Mainguy, he being in the Royal Canadian Navy. Two very pretty little people who did not actually win but were what is called well-fancied, were Lady Venetia and Lady June Hay, daughters of the late Lord and Lady Kinnoull. Tinker Bell is, of course, Peter Pan's very special fairy. The Hon. William Russell, who came as a redskin scalp-hunter, is the younger son of Lord and Lady De Clifford, and a cousin of Lady Venetia and Lady June Hay. The times of great-great-grandmothers were not neglected as will be observed in Anne Bonville Humphreys and Anne Simon in the hyper modest raiment of the period. There was also an attractive bride of former days, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Doyle's little girl, Wendy. To top all the entire cast of *Peter Pan*, headed by the villainous hook (Seymour Hicks) came on from the Palladium and considerably enriched the party.



HOLLYWOOD SIGNS THE DECLARATION OF DEMOCRATIC INDEPENDENCE

A part of Hollywood's Committee of Fifty-Six, which is composed of many film celebrities, signing the document which is being circulated throughout the American nation to secure the signatures of at least 20,000,000 citizens for the purpose of seeking an economic boycott of Nazi Germany. The names in the picture include, from left to right: (standing) Claude Rains, Paul Muni, Edward G. Robinson, Arthur Hornblow, Jun. (behind E. G. Robinson), Helen Gahagan, John Garfield, Gloria Stuart, James Cagney, Groucho Marx, Aline MacMahon, Henry Fonda and Gale Sondergaard; (seated) Myrna Loy, Melvyn Douglas and Carl Laemmle, Sen.

JUST as innocent people have been executed in this country, so presumably those guilty of no crime have in France been sent to Devil's Island. There can be no doubt that the French penal settlement is a place of extreme horror and is meant to be. For the French, who are an extremely logical nation, have never fallen into the English sentimental trap of thinking that the way to wean a brute from brutality is to mollycoddle him. Some little time ago I saw a horrifying photograph of a number of convicts on their way to Devil's Island. One of the prisoners had administered a sleeping draught to his mistress, who was going to have a baby, and then buried her alive! I cannot think that the rigours of Devil's Island can be too rigorous for such a monster as this. The English view is that it is kinder to put such a man out of the way. But in international fairness one ought to recognize that there is no obligation on the French or any other people to think in the English way, and therefore Devil's Island persists. I think, by the way, that it would be interesting if one could have a documentary film of the place, showing us what really happens and assuming that justice has not miscarried. Logically, then, one's sympathy would be with the guards whose duty is to prevent that escape whereby some ruffian may return to France and proceed to bury more mistresses alive. Given that the hero of a Devil's Island film is innocent, one spends the evening hoping that he may effect return to the bosom of that blameless family from which he has been ruthlessly torn. There is some such story in the new French film at the Berkeley, called *Chéri Bibi*. But there is another factor which romanticizes this film out of all probable contact with reality. This is the presence in it of M. Pierre Fresnay, who looks as incapable of boiling his mother in oil, or whatever he is supposed to have done, as our own Forbes-Robertson could have looked. M. Fresnay is a first-class actor, but he cannot suggest the ignoble. The shape of his head and the lines of his face bespeak a spiritual aloofness, and an abhorrence of the gross or even the calculating. It is a face of absolute refinement; it is even monkish.

For this reason *Chéri Bibi* fails with me, though if this reason were absent it would be one of the most exciting films I have seen for a very long time. It contains a passage which

could, I think, be possible only in a French film. Two convicts are discussing the philosophy of crime. One says to the other: "You who have known nothing but unhappiness believe in nothing but evil, and I who have known happiness know

therefore that good exists." Compare this with the Hollywood attitude which makes its hero say: "I have known happiness. Which proves the existence of money, high-powered motor cars, and cuties!" As for the acting, this is yet another of those French films which miserably expose the amateurishness of Hollywood.

If amateurishness be too strong a word, let us call it overslickness. An example of the kind of playing I mean is in the widely different film called *Four Daughters* at the Warner. This stars four young ladies called Miss Gale Page and the three Lane Sisters. They are indistinguishably pretty young ladies, and each of them can laugh, cry, muse, sigh, wilt and cheer up just as the director orders, or, you feel, even before he orders. They are said to be the four daughters of an American Professor of Music, in whose guise we see Mr. Claude Rains, both at the opening and the close of the film, conducting his offspring in a rendering of Schubert's *Ständchen*. One girl sings the song, and the three others provide harp, violin, and piano accompaniments, while Pop provides an occasional *obbligato* on the flute. Need it be said that the point of the film is to find each of the young ladies a husband, and that each in the end finds more or less the right one? It is true that Anne decided at the last moment not to marry the Robert Taylorish one who was a jazz-composer, but to go off instead with the Emlyn Williamsish one who was his orchestrator. It is true, too, that Anne's bargain turned out badly, since orchestration does not appear to be one-tenth as profitable a line as picking out the tunes with one finger on the piano. However, there is nothing like a car crash for getting over the difficulties a plot like this lands itself in when it ventures to be serious. So the orchestrator, seeing the composer to his train after a Christmas party, had no sooner accepted a substantial cheque from that disappointed bridegroom—so like a disappointed bridegroom!—than he "stepped on it" too jubilantly in the car on the way back from the station, and demolished his inconvenient self against the trunk of a tree. And in this method the awkward five sweethearts

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THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

A World of Difference

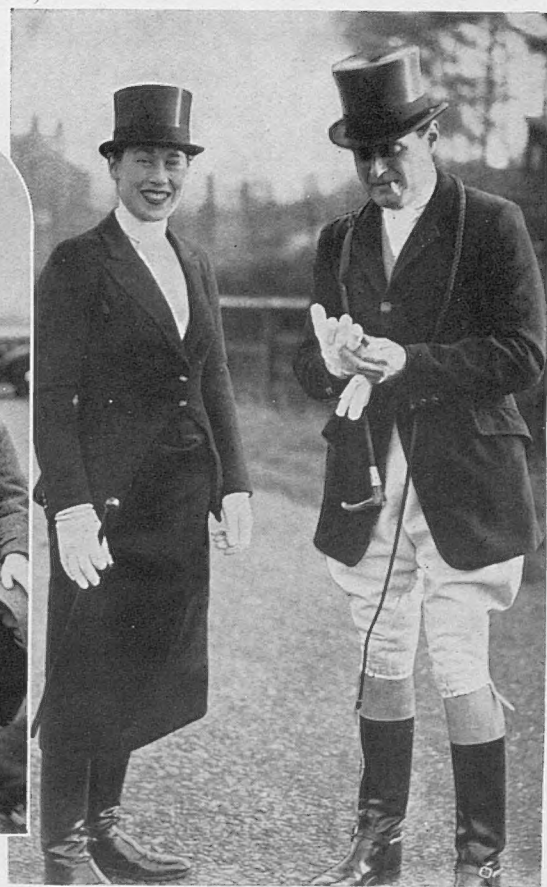
HUNTING UNFROZEN ONCE MORE



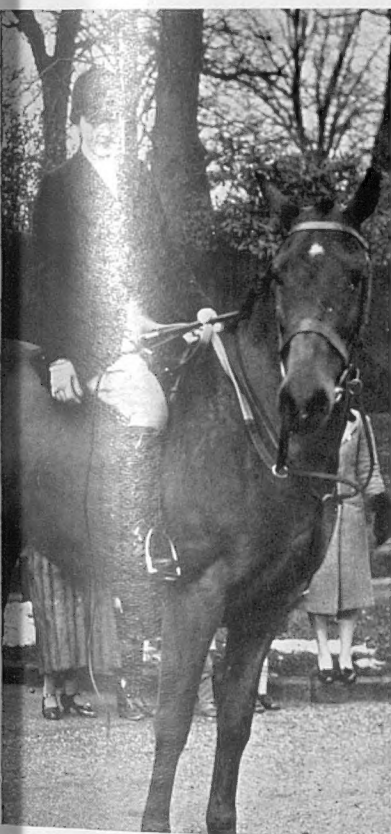
WITH THE QUORN: MRS. JAMES WHETSTONE AND MRS. EDMUND PAGET



A COTTESMORE PICTURE. THE HON. ROLAND CUBITT AND OFFSPRING



MORE COTTESMORE: SIR JOHN AND LADY BLUNT



MRS. LUKE LILLINGSTONE, M.F.H. (HARRINGTON)



COTTESMORE "INFANTRY": LORD KIMBERLEY, MRS. GERARD LEIGH, LORD WODEHOUSE AND CAPTAIN GERARD LEIGH



LORD CAREW WITH THE KILDARE

At the time these pictures were taken the frost and snow had released almost every pack of hounds in the Three Kingdoms, but it would be quite unsafe to do any weather forecasting. Of the many well-knowns in these pictures Mrs. Edmund Paget is the wife of a former and very popular Quorn Master, the late Mr. Edmund Paget, who died out hunting. Mr. Peter Paget, Mrs. Paget's son, is Master of the Atherstone North. The Hon. Roland Cubitt, Lord Ashcombe's son and heir was supported by his family, Rosalind, Jeremy and Henry, at the Tilton fixture, and Sir John and Lady Blunt were also out that day and are arrivals from Surrey. Mrs. Luke Lillingstone, the former Lady Harrington, is joint-Master with her husband of the family pack, he having previously been a most successful Meath and Atherstone Master. Captain and Mrs. Gerard Leigh are usually part of the "cavalry" but were afoot the day the Cottesmore were at Tilton, as was also Lord Kimberley, but not his son. Lord Carew was shot by the camera the day the Kildare met at his house, Castletown, after the Hunt Ball



Bassano

THE HON. MARGARET LANE-FOX

The youngest of Lord and Lady Bingley's daughters who, like all the rest of the family, is a real fox-hunting devotee. Lord Bingley has come back to the mastership of the Bramham. A Fox-Lane, afterwards Lane-Fox, founded this pack

the New Year in when Bob and Charlotte entertained at Coventry House, some will regret and others rejoice.

The snow has cleared off and left the scenting conditions all the better. On Friday the Belvoir had a marvellous hunt from Humby Wood to Grimsthorpe Park and we hear that nobody saw it, not even the Huntsman and the First Whip, who got held up by a swollen river. They could not get to hounds, to stop them, for eight miles, which they did when they found that there was no one with them. The official account in the Press stated that few were up at the finish. Few may be translated no one.

On Saturday the Belvoir met at Ab Kettleby. The roads were very slippery and there was quite a bit of snow on the hills so Toby wisely made for the Vale and he gave of the Vale's best.

Sherbrookes was the first draw. After a couple of false starts they ran a fox best pace to Hose Thorns over the usual course. After a wait of about twenty minutes, he, or a fresh fox, swam the canal and running parallel to it crossed at Harby Windmill. Re-crossing he reached Harby Covert. Staying here only five minutes he provided a grand hunt over the Vale, leaving Barnston on the right, to Stoke's Gorse, a mutual Belvoir-South Notts covert, where he was left.

Granby Gap was the next draw and there the second horses turned up to everyone's relief. Hardly time to change and they were away again. Crossing the railway they turned left-handed and got a good start from the Field who were held up by a slippery bridge or a wide detour over the canal. They then crossed the Redmile-Stathern road and hunted very prettily into the Belvoir woods. Up through these and right handed along the top they forced their fox out by Stathern Point and along the Harby Hills nearly to the Round Covert, where they were stopped at 4 p.m. in the dusk. Truly a great day's fox-hunting for the last of 1938.

From the Fernie.

All is silent under snow-clad Leicestershire at present (Boxing Day), beautiful to look upon, but not to the eye of the fox-chaser who impatiently awaits a rapid thaw and a

From the Shires and Provinces

Leicestershire

Letter.
THE New Year has been seasonably and reasonably celebrated by several small parties. Chatty and Dorothy did the best turn. If none of these parties approached the "rags" that used to ring

return to green fields again. Cattle are being foraged on the white blanket and hounds at exercise with kennel-coated servants under a cold grey sky make up a shivering picture of the time. Exercise, that necessity for the hunter, is carried on under difficulties. Where there is a covered school all is well, but the straw ring in the open becomes monotonous and the risk on icy surfaces has to be considered. Meantime, Charles James is snuggling in his den undisturbed by thought of hounds feathering on his line, and in the interim making periodical forays to the fowl roost to replenish the larder. A reconnaissance by Peaker on Thursday revealed the impracticability of hunting at Stonton Wyville. Snow still lay on the high ground and the roads were in a very unsafe state, therefore a hoped-for resumption of sport was deferred. Basset hounds and beagles are now having a good following, even among snow and ice. The Hunt Ball at Dingley Hall was a bumper success, thanks to Mrs. Wardie Gillilan, who took an active part in the arrangements and the Bertram Curries who so kindly lent their ideal home.



Fieldsend

SIR CHARLES LOWTHER

The deputy-Master of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's hunt, and, as all hunting folk know, a former very celebrated Pytchley Master

The Heythrop.

The week's weather has been like the contents of a box of chocolates, half hard and half soft. Few people dreamed of hunting for ages during the first half of the week as the snow was still deep and the roads highly dangerous. On Wednesday, however, a definite thaw set in which enabled us to recommence operations at Bourton Bridge on Friday, December 30. This proved to be about the worst day's sport that the season has so far produced. Foxes were not easy to find and, when found, were found to be odourless. We were glad to see his Reverence acting as M.C. (i.e., Master of Cars) with H.H. (i.e., Hold Hard) fluttering from his bonnet, but why not from behind as well? On Saturday, New Year's Eve, there had been a sharp frost and a fall of snow overnight, and Mrs. Mackinnon's hospitality was most welcome, which caused very few to leave the port to weather the elements. This small field was soon augmented by the arrival of Sir George from the Bicester, who were unable to hunt, and of Peter C. from the Warwickshire who, finding the ground unfit for play, were trying again after the

luncheon interval. Such are the miracles of modern transport.

From the Warwickshire.

The nightmare of snow and frost has gone at last: not often has such a heavy fall gone so quickly, and the Children's Meet at Compton Verney came off "to skedule," as our American friends call it. About forty of them turned up, and, as usual, on every size of animal, and they went like little tigers. One felt most of the time like an old hen trying to take charge of a brood of ducklings determined at all costs to take to the water, and whatever fences the Masters and Staff jumped, they rode at unflinchingly, and most of them got over too. You would call it a particularly strong and promising "undergrowth" for the years to come, and the opening address by one Master and the farewell oration by the other were just admirable, and I will warrant not a word was wasted and not taken to heart. It was delightful to notice how scrupulously they complied with what was told them all through the day.

If rumour speaks true, it would appear that our Master question is likely to be very happily settled and that we are only to lose one of them. The new "Joint," a man after our own hearts and well known in this country, and his Lady

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OVER IN EIRE: THE CAMERA AT THE KILDARE HUNT BALL



AT PICKERING FOREST: MR. GEOFFREY BROOKE WITH COLONEL THE HON. EDWARD AND MRS. CORBALLY-STOURTON



LADY CAREW AND MAJOR LOFTUS ARNOTT, BROTHER OF THE HOSTESS, LADY BROOKE



LT. THE HON. PETER CAREW, R.N., LORD CAREW'S BROTHER, AND MISS ALMA BROOKE



Photos: Poole, Dublin
LORD CAREW AND MR. ERSKINE CHILDERS, T.D., TALK IT OVER



SIR JOHN AND LADY PRICHARD-JONES, WHO ARE ENJOYING IRISH HUNTING

As the imminence of Sunday would have curtailed New Year's Eve dancing frisks, there was a great run on December 30 as the next best thing, and the Kildare was one of many Hunt Balls booking this date. Held at Pickering Forest, near Celbridge, the home of Sir Francis and Lady Brooke, the Ball had Miss Alma Brooke, only daughter of the house, as hon. secretary, and no one could possibly have found a cause for complaint. Sir Francis Brooke had the Kildare hounds jointly with Major C. Mitchell 1929-32, since when a committee, of which he is a member, has been in charge. Sir Francis's youngest brother, Mr. Geoffrey Brooke (late 16th Lancers, like his notable namesake, Major-General Geoffrey Brooke), sat out *à trois* with two popular Meathites, Colonel the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Corbally-Stourton, and Lord Carew talked to Mr. Erskine Childers, Member of the Dail, whose late father was closely connected with recent Irish history and wrote that famous book, "The Riddle of the Sands." Lord and Lady Carew are now settled in at Castletown House and had a lawn meet there next day, at which most people pulled out fairly sound in spite of their very small ration of sleep. The Hon. Peter Carew, Lieut. R.N., is in H.M.S. "Nelson," Flagship, Home Fleet. Sir John and Lady Prichard-Jones, Sir Walter Nugent's son-in-law and daughter, are very well known with the Meath

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Very Interesting Novel.

"O WOMAN! in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy and hard to please. When pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou!" Maybe I have not quoted correctly, but everybody knows the famous lines. Of course, a *man* wrote them. A man *would*! Women, as a rule, have only given them lip-service. Subconsciously they dislike their inference; which inference is that only during hours of ease, or when nursing is to be done, are women of prime interest to men. Which is an implication heartily loathed by women. Yet the women who recognise the fact and accept it are invariably the most successful as women, from the point-of-heart of men. The most beloved wives and mothers, to say nothing of mistresses, are those who realise their own separate position in the lives of the men or children they love—and stick to it, thereby relinquishing both complete possession as well as the habit of interference. But for most women it is a hard acceptance. So few seem to possess any existence of their own apart from their menkind and consequently wish to encompass the lives of those who love them, and, by encompassing, command. Which, psychologically speaking, is a mistake. For the man whose whole existence is shared perpetually by a woman, is "devoured" by her, and, consequently, is only half a male—usually the "feminine" half. The moment a man resists this would-be complete mastication of his life and personality there is trouble—once, through her devotion and interest in him, a woman has got her teeth imbedded.

Dorothy, the heroine of Mr. Richard Church's interesting new novel, "The Stronghold" (Dent; 8s. 6d.), is such a woman. True, she loved John Quickshott, the youth who found himself in the Civil Service at the commencement of the Great War, when all his most intimate desire was to be a doctor—but her understanding of male psychology was nil. He was only twenty-one and she was nineteen, and they had been lovers, in the physical sense, for the last two years—ever since, in fact, Dorothy's infatuation for a poet, who died, and John's love of the dead man had drawn them together. Dorothy worked in a Government office as well, and, consequently, should she marry she would automatically lose her job. This they could not afford to do, so when John asked her to marry him, risking poverty, she refused, telling him that if only he would take a portion of her own salary he could continue his medical studies, and when he had qualified—but not till then—she would become his wife. The male pride in John refused this offer, so they drifted apart. Yet, through a mutual friend, she arranged to give her lover a hundred a year anonymously, so that he could continue his studies and eventually take a degree. They never met again for some years. Meanwhile what news Dorothy heard of her lover caused her pain and jealousy. Her own friend, Phyllis Drayton, seemed at one moment to drift into Dorothy's place as John's lover; and, indeed, I was not astonished, for Phyllis was one of those girls who take men as they come and never think of clinging when they wish to go. Men in her life were only associated with "hours of ease" and she merely expected men to find her equally welcome in a like situation.

Meanwhile the war thunders on in the background, though I am bound to confess that as a reality, in spite of the noise it made, it never quite got beyond a remark which, in a novel I read recently, a general in the midst of the Boer War made: "Well," said he, "I must leave you now and get back to the battle." (The italics are mine.) Nevertheless, it had a devastating effect on most of the women in the story. Phyllis, in her despair at hearing of her beloved brother's death, at once gave herself to a handsome

officer, had a child by him, and died. Janet, another girl, committed suicide before the birth of her baby, of whom John was the father. Dorothy only narrowly escaped the same maternity at the hands of the man who had seduced Phyllis, and Dorothy's sister, legally married however, most inconveniently became a mother in the midst of an air raid on London. In fact, few in the story ever seemed too busy for sex, and, though in the midst of war and war work, got all mixed up in its entanglement. In fact, the war, in reality, was only incidental it seemed. The real interest of the novel—and it is a very interesting one indeed—

is the by-play of sex, the tragedy, the mental and emotional devastation of this by-play, among a lot of well-drawn characters. And if, as a picture of reality, the first part is more convincing than the latter one, when all the characters seemed to become rather melodramatic and hysterical, this latter part is full of movement and the excitement of poignant circumstances seemingly inevitable.

Thoughts from "The Stronghold."

"One of the most positive pleasures life can offer is the anticipatory excitement before the giving of a present to a person beloved."

"Women can observe a friendship between men and men can observe a friendship between women, but they cannot understand it."

"Love is a living thing, and, therefore, it is a changing thing. And where there is change there must be divisions, misunderstandings, deceptions."

Victorian Manners.

"Gentlewomen Aim to Please" (Routledge; 6s.), edited by Jerrard Tickell, and most amusingly illustrated by Nicholas Bentley, ought really to be a "funny" book. That it isn't is, I suppose, due to the fact that good manners are never ludicrous—even to those who rather preen themselves on not having any. The editor found a torn book of Victorian etiquette in the Farringdon Book Mart, priced one penny, read it and found it extremely amusing. Well, it is and it isn't. Really it isn't actually funny, for the simple reason

(Continued on page 58)



Bassano

A FAMOUS SCIENTIST IS AWARDED THE ORDER OF MERIT

Sir James Jeans, the noted mathematician and astronomer, has been awarded the Order of Merit in the recent New Year Honours List. He had a brilliant career at Cambridge, and was awarded the Royal Medal of the Royal Society in 1919. He also has numerous learned books to his credit, perhaps his most famous being "The Universe About Us," which had a great sale in 1930



A TANGANYIKA PERSONALITY: MAJOR F. W. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK

Much is being heard at the present time of the Tanganyika League, which has as its chairman Major F. W. Cavendish-Bentinck. It has been formed in East Africa with the object of opposing any return to Germany of the Mandated Colony and is well supported



A CHEERFUL GROUP

The names are (l. to r.): Lord Jersey, H.I.H. Prince Vzevolod of Russia, Mr. David Colville, Sally Colville, Lady Jersey, two friends who have not been denoted, Lady Cynthia Slessor, Lady Joan Colville, Kathleen Colville, Lady Anne Elliot and Mr. Alexander Elliot

LORD AND LADY JERSEY'S CHRISTMAS HOUSE-PARTY



As may be judged from the accompanying photographs, Lord and Lady Jersey had a pretty big party for Christmas at their most attractive Lutyens house, Middleton Park, which is still only partly finished, and even on Christmas Eve, large pantehnicons were arriving bringing beds for the guests. Lord Jersey succeeded to the title in 1923 and married for the second time, in 1937, the lovely Miss Virginia Cherrill from Hollywood. There is one child by the first marriage



ANOTHER GROUP TAKEN ON THE STEPS IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Swaebe

Included are: The Hon. Edward Mansell Child-Villiers, H.I.H. Prince Vzevolod of Russia, Lady Cynthia Slessor, Mrs. Rosemary Horlick, Lady Anne Elliot, Mr. David Colville, Lady Joan Colville, Mr. Alexander Elliot, Lord and Lady Jersey (sitting in front), Count Fil, Mrs. S. Duce, Miss Anita Blair (cousin of Lady Jersey) and Mr. Borszemenyi. Inset, with Tree, are the Hon. Edward Mansell Child-Villiers with his son, Edward John, Lady Joan Colville (his sister), and her two children, Sally and Kathleen

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

that, while reading it—always ready to jeer at the least occasion—one becomes gradually converted. One would like to hand it to so many modern people—not for them to laugh at, but for them to emulate. Sometimes absurd this Victorian etiquette may have been, but behind it all there was a spirit of "elegance" which, when innate, is infinitely preferable in the art of Social Life than lounging. Take this one item, for instance: "Never boast of your birth, your money, your grand friends, or anything that is yours. If you have travelled do not introduce that information into your conversation at every opportunity. Anyone can travel with money and leisure. The real distinction is to come home with enlarged views, improved tastes, and a mind free from prejudice."

And who is going to laugh at these bits of advice: "Never stand upon the hearthrug with your back to the fire, either in a friend's house or your own"; and "It is a great mistake to suppose that slang is in any way a substitute for wit," and "Do not be always witty, even though you should be so happily gifted as to need the caution: to outshine others on every occasion is the surest road to unpopularity." Again: "It is the observance of minor trifles in domestic etiquette which makes the true gentleman," and "To be too much in the fashion is as vulgar as to be too far behind it"; and, lastly, "Every lady should remember that to dress well is a duty which she owes to society; but that to make it her idol is to commit something worse than folly. Fashion is made for woman, not woman for fashion." Certainly this old book of Victorian etiquette had occasionally a curious insight into certain circumstances which are not usually put into words, but which, nevertheless, create bonds of understanding. As, for instance: "Never offer anyone the chair from which you have just risen unless there be no other disengaged. It may be still warm from your person."

But what is really a most amusing chapter in this book is the one devoted to the marriage ceremony. The Victorians may not have had the radio or the cinema or the night club and other semi-boring organised entertainments to help them pass the time, under the impression that they are enjoying themselves, but, at least, they did dramatise successfully ordinary events and, consequently, cannot have found life lacking in excitements. Funerals were an "event." They were slow, properly mournful, full of tears in the right quarters, and altogether symbolical of the belief that the Departed had gone to torment. Nowadays, "Aunt Catherine," weighing fourteen stone, is rushed off to Golders Green, cremated without fuss, and brought back in a box suitable to house a canary. Weddings, however, are still dramatised—or should it be vulgarised?—but, even so, they have not the technique of the Victorian ceremony. I suppose it is impossible nowadays when, almost before a father has resigned himself happily to the fact that he has at last got another daughter off his hands, she is back again as a divorcée. There was a nice finality about a

Victorian marriage which must have been deliciously moving.

This sort of thing, for example (and I quote from this little book): "The young bride, divested of her bridal attire and quietly costumed for her journey, now bids farewell to her bridesmaids and lady friends. A few tears spring to her gentle eyes as she takes a last look at the home she is now leaving. . . . Finally, she falls weeping on her mother's bosom. A short cough is heard, as of someone summoning up enough resolution to hide an emotion. It is her father. He dares not trust his voice, but holds out his hand, gives her an affectionate kiss, and then leads her, half turning back, down the stairs and through the hall to the door, where he delivers her as a precious charge to her husband, who hands her quickly into the carriage, springs in after her, waves his hand to the party who appear crowding at the windows, half smiles at the throng about the door, then, amidst a shower of old slippers—missiles of good luck sent flying after the happy pair—gives the word and they are off and started on the long-hoped-for voyage."

Now that is what I call a really nuptial picture! The Victorians, by taking in deadly seriousness experiences which were common to anybody and treating them as if they were unique, certainly did squeeze every ounce of exciting drama from the Everyday. That's how they must have had their fun. The difference between wearing merely a cluster of sham diamonds shaped to represent a Sealyham dog and the impressiveness of a circle of real diamonds surrounding a lock of darling Edward's hair (he being now with God) festooned to represent a weeping-willow tree shading a mausoleum. For after all, everyday life is only really exciting for most of us because of the drama we bring to it. And the Victorians knew how to create this excitement. So their emotions are now the funniest part about them. Their manners, however, had a certain admirable dignity and form. In themselves they are not actually funny—at least; not more amusing than a gracefully performed minuet. So, although

"Gentlewomen Aim to Please" is more conducive to emulation than to ridicule, Nicholas Bentley's illustrations are a "scream." They alone make it a most amusing little book.

Reading Character.

So, in case the boredom of after Christmas still continues, here is another book which will relieve it instantly. "Character from the Face" (Hutchinson; 5s.), by Jacques Penry, is "an invaluable, instructive and fascinating method of character analysis." It is so profusely illustrated, moreover, by photographs of faces and parts of faces of every type that your own will find it difficult to escape. So you can read your own character and the character of your friends in perfect ease. Most character-reading manuals are so involved as to be as clear as mud. This one makes the revelation of inner secrets nearly as clear as day, so simple is the exposition.



COUNT GRANDI'S FAMILY CIRCLE

H.E. the Italian Ambassador to Great Britain, with his wife and children, Franco, aged thirteen, and eleven-year-old Simonetta, at home at the Italian Embassy, in Grosvenor Square. Very prominent amongst foreign diplomats accredited to the Court of St. James's, Count Dino Grandi has played an important though unobtrusive part in the re-establishment of good relations between his country and ours (relations which Mr. Chamberlain to-day sets out to consolidate), and he and his wife are exceedingly well liked over here



A SCOTTISH DANCING-DATE: THE 4th/5th BLACK WATCH BALL AT MONTROSE

Officers of the Dundee and Angus Battalion (T.A.) of the Black Watch gave their annual ball not long ago in the Drill Hall, Montrose. In this group the hosts are Major T. P. D. Murray, Captain Lord Dalhousie, Captain Thomson, and Subalterns the Hon. Duthac Carnegie, the Hon. Simon Ramsay and Campbell Adamson. The front-row guests include Lady Katherine Bosanquet (elder daughter of Lord Southesk), her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Duthac Carnegie, Lady Jean Ramsay and Lady Jean Rankin. The last-named is the elder of Lord Stair's daughters, and Lady Jean Ramsay is a sister of Lord Dalhousie and the Hon. Simon Ramsay



WATCHING COURSING AT BLENHEIM: LADY CATHERINE RAMSDEN AND MISS EVE PATRICK

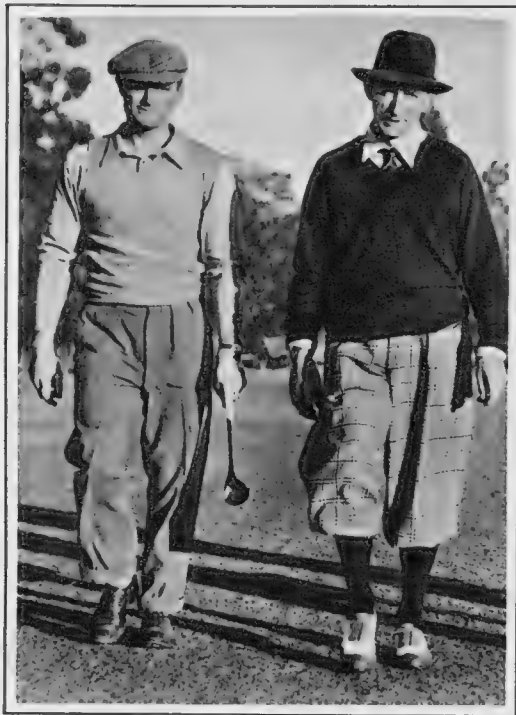


LADY CAROLINE SPENCER-CHURCHILL ALSO LOOKED ON



LADY ROSEMARY SPENCER-CHURCHILL, MRS. M. E. SINCLAIR AND A COMPETITOR

Long dogs, which have a great admirer in the Duchess of Marlborough, foregathered recently for a coursing meeting at Blenheim, and a large number of spectators watched what was so fleetly afoot with the greatest interest. Mrs. M. E. Sinclair was amongst the contributors of entries, and the youngest daughter of the house, Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, thought it lots of fun going around with her. Seventeen-year-old Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, who gave her ski-ing kit an outing, heads the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's family of four. Hard-riding, polo-playing Lady Catherine Ramsden came over from Turweston Manor, in Northants, where she and her husband now live



GOLFER AND POLO PLAYER IN THE U.S.A.

Mr. Tommy Armour, a former British golfing ace, and Mr. Raymond Guest, who may be tried for America's International polo side this year. Mr. Guest is the younger son of the late Captain the Hon. Freddie Guest. The snapshot was taken on the Pinehurst Country Club links

year ago for the first time in ten years I was a menace to one and all and ought to have had a capital "L" on the carrier. In the same way, they will tell you that you never forget the golf swing. After an absence of a mere seven weeks or so I took to the course the other day—and now I am not so sure about that, either.

A good many people, as they take up golf again in the next few weeks, will probably find themselves in the same boat. I wonder if their symptoms will be the same as mine? Of course, lack of practice takes people in different ways. Some, lucky fellows, hook their shots; others hit the ball on the head. For myself, I am never in any doubt as to where the ball will go: it will start "low left" and finish "high right," and will give the impression of having run all along the face and half-way up the shaft before finally leaving the club. To counteract this vile, smothered slice, I determine to hit, as the experts instruct me, "from inside to out." Taking the club back flatly round the body, I wind myself up into such a position that I am compelled to let go with the left hand. A heave to the left with the shoulders and there I am, all set for the Beginner's Loop once again. Having come across the ball once more from "outside to in," I take an even flatter swing and things get worse and worse.

My wooden clubs feel ponderous and unwieldy and even a glistening set of Henry Cotton's new woods—a Christmas present that I have been waggling furtively in the drawing-room these two or three weeks, and that are largely responsible for my emerging to play the game again at all—seem little better.

For the benefit of those who will be starting golf again in the near future, I pass on, with due humility, a few hints—the fruits of my experience last Sunday. On wooden play I am practically silent, since it remains something of a mystery. I can only say that with cramped wrists and a complete lack of rhythm it is virtually impossible to wait long enough for the club-head to come into the shot—perhaps if one counted one, two, three, at the top of the swing it might help. Towards the end of the day I found that by making a desperate effort to keep my head down until the club had actually struck and passed the ball, I was able to see the ball for at least half the downward swing.

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

ONCE you have learnt to ride a bicycle, they say, you never forget. At the age of fourteen I would have backed myself on two wheels against the local errand-boy, but I recall that when I rode a bicycle a

With the irons I was more successful. It was so patently obvious that a firm, crisp stroke was out of the question that I habitually took a much bigger club than was necessary. One's sense of balance on these occasions being negligible, I found myself swinging very cautiously and keeping both heels on the ground throughout the stroke. This worked wonders, and my iron shots, if not a delight to the purist, were uncommonly straight, and I have made a resolution to carry on with this technique when, if ever, I return to what I like to think is my proper form. I pass on these hints in all seriousness. Keep both heels on the ground and swing slowly and deliberately. When the caddie offers you a No. 5, take a No. 3: when he offers you a No. 3, take your spoon.

The short game I found pretty well beyond me—I even topped two with a sand-iron, which is as low as a golfer can sink—but later in the day a certain measure of accuracy was achieved by standing well in front of the ball and sort of smothering it along the ground towards the hole. An ugly stroke, maybe, but it serves.

The putting, on the other hand, was not unsuccessful. Short putts were so palpably impossible that there was nothing to do but square up the club behind the ball and move it with stiff-wristed caution in the direction of the hole—into which, strangely enough, it very often fell. Here, of course, is the ideal method which we find so difficult in normal times. "Three putts from nowhere" were taken twice, each time for the same reason. I find myself, when out of practice, standing and brooding over the ball, in an effort to make out exactly what it is that I am trying to do—and the time to do this is before ever you address the ball. In the end you don't

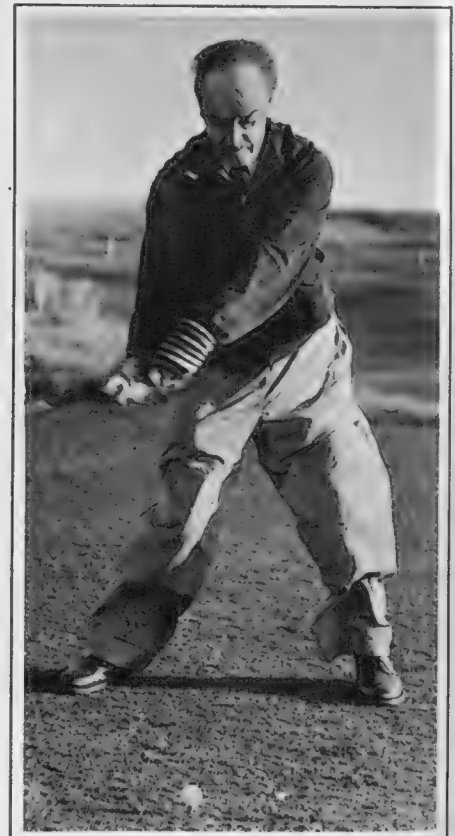


MR. LIONEL MUNN IN THE CINQUE PORTS COMPETITION

The contest was the Committee's Challenge Cup at Deal, and Mr. Munn was caught at the sixteenth tee in one of the qualifying rounds

know how hard you are meaning to hit it, and no amount of following-through at the last minute will make a half-hit ball reach the hole.

Two more hints to fellow-sufferers I would add. The first is "Set yourself a very low standard, and you won't be disappointed"; and the second is "For heaven's sake play with a large ball."



AND MR. TRISTRAM DE LA POER BERESFORD, K.C.

Another snapshot taken during the contest for the Committee's Challenge Cup at the Cinque Ports G.C. In the final Mr. C. A. Hue Williams beat Mr. D. A. Davies 2 and 1 over eighteen holes

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



PANNAL GOLF CLUB, HARROGATE—BY "MEL"

The course of the Pannal Golf Club stands high on a glorious stretch of moorland about three miles to the south of Harrogate, and just off the main road that runs from Harrogate to Leeds by way of Harewood. The course itself is rich in natural features, and one or two holes are of exceptional beauty. The original course, laid out by Sandy Herd in 1906, was reckoned a good enough test of golf to be chosen as the scene of the Yorkshire Amateur Championship in 1923 and of the English Ladies' Championship four years later; but a certain lack of length in the outgoing half and a weak finish slightly detracted from its merits as a championship test, and in 1935 the Club decided on a complete reconstruction scheme to bring it up to modern first-class standard in the matter of length. The work was entrusted to the well-known architect, Major C. A. Mackenzie of Leeds, and a remarkably successful job he made of it.

NEXT WEEK: SHOOTERS HILL GOLF CLUB

WHO WAS WHO AT THE SOUTH NOTTS AND HURWORTH HUNT BALLS



AT THE SOUTH NOTTS HUNT BALL: MRS. DENISON AND MAJOR W. E. SEELY, M.F.H.



MORE AT BESTWOOD LODGE: CAPTAIN J. J. KELL AND ATTRACTIVE MISS DIANA READETT-BAYLEY



MRS. C. PLATT AND COLONEL HUGH TALLENTS, NEAR NEIGHBOURS



AT THE HURWORTH HUNT BALL: MRS. STUART MORGAN, MR. ROBERT RENTON AND MISS W. ADAMSON



MR. MAUGHAM, MISS FURNESS, M.F.H. (THE HURWORTH), MRS. CHETWYND TALBOT, MR. FURNESS, M.P., AND (BEHIND) MR. FARROW

Keeping the Hunt Ball a-rolling is one of the prime indoor sports of the moment; see here for Yorkshire and Midland participants. Christmas having intervened, the South Notts Hunt Ball already seems a far-away happening. According to custom, it was held at Bestwood Lodge, possibly for the last time, as Sir Harold Bowden's lease from the Duke of St. Albans expires in a few months. The roads were snow-bound, but people skidded up in goodly numbers, many coming from neighbouring Hunts; as for instance, Mrs. C. Platt, from Barnby Manor on the Blankney-Belvoir border, and Colonel Hugh Tallents, from the neighbouring village of Coddington. Major W. E. Seely has been joint-Master and Huntsman of the South Notts since 1935, and is in one of the two county Yeomanry regiments, the South Notts Hussars; Mrs. Denison's



MORE HURWORTH: MRS. DAWES, CAPTAIN AND MRS. THOMPSON-ROYDS AND CAPTAIN D'A. A. DAWES, 15th/19th HUSSARS

Photographs: Dennis Moss

husband, Mr. W. M. E. Denison, is in the other one, the still-horsed Sherwood Rangers. Amongst pretty young unmarriables at this ball was Sir Dennis and Lady Readett-Bayley's daughter Diana. We now travel to the North Riding for the Hurworth Hunt Ball, at Thirsk Town Hall. The lady Master, Miss Mary Furness, who took over from Lt.-Col. R. G. S. Gordon in 1936, had a fine showing of guests from Otterington Hall, amongst them her brother, Mr. Stephen Furness, M.P. for Sunderland (L.Nat.) and a Junior Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Robert Renton, owner, trainer and rider of many winners at Northern jump meetings, and Miss Weston Adamson, who rides her own Point-to-Pointers, were photographed together, and the Daweses and Thompson-Royds (Mrs. Dawes is Captain Thompson-Royds' sister) also provided a camera target.

THE WIFE
OF
IRELAND'S
PREMIER
DUKE

Her Grace the
Duchess
of Leinster



Yeovonde, Berkeley Square

THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER GOES EDWARDIAN

When the charming wife of the Premier Duke, Marquess and Earl of Ireland sat to the camera not long since, her devoted Dachs insisted on being present throughout, and once was determinedly in the picture. The Duchess of Leinster, daughter of Mrs. J. H. Patterson, of New York, and formerly Mrs. Van Neck, has the very distinctive name of Rafaele. She and her husband are a good deal in Ireland, but they also travel in many other directions. The Duke of Leinster, seventh holder of a Dukedom created in 1766, is descended from Gerald FitzGerald, Baron of Offaly, who died in 1205





BEHIND THE SCENES



THE AVANTIS DO A BIT OF PRACTICE
IN THEIR DRESSING-ROOM

THE BAKER FAMILY AT THE KRONE CIRCUS—AGRICULTURAL HALL



Photos.: Charles E. Brown

THE KRONE CLOWNS GIVE THE AVANTIS A PRIVATE DEMONSTRATION

This is the first time that this famous and quite historic show from the Valley of the Danube has visited England, and it is certain that anyone who has seen it will hope that it will not be the last. The art of the sawdust ring is international, and this Krone circus is in the very best tradition of it. The few pictures of the Bakers—English high-speed jockeys—the clever Avantis and those ever-welcome creatures, our friends, the clowns, give an idea of only a very small part of the excellences to be seen at this William Wilson circus at the Agricultural Hall, Islington

IN THE SAWDUST RING



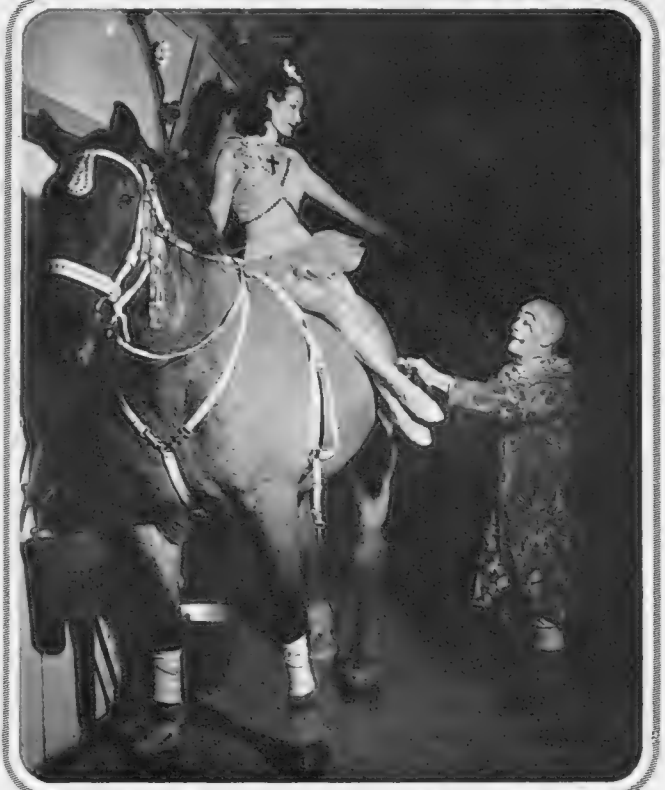
AT THE GREAT BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS: ALFREDINO, MARIE LOUISE (FLYING TRAPEZE), LULU (THE LADY CLOWN), AND MISS ANAVAN (ACROBAT)



Photos.: Charles E. Brown

KELLY EXPLAINS HIS BURLESQUE PRESS CAMERA TO A FEW OF HIS BROTHER CLOWNS

Although we all greatly missed the figure and cheery face of the great founder of this truly great entertainment, the circus still goes marching on with Cyril and Bernard Mills to uphold the glories and reputation of the past. It is as grand and comprehensive a show as ever, horses, the people who ride 'em, Machiquita and partner, Cosetta, are some of them; acrobats, performing animals, sea lions, Hagenbeck's bears and a regular army corps of the most excellent clowns (including the fair Lulu—see above), here they all are again produced in a super-gorgeous setting for our delight and amusement



MACHIQUITA AND A GALLANT CLOWN—
PERCY HUXTER

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT



(FROM TOP LEFT) GANJOU BROTHERS AND JUANITA, MOYA MACQUEEN - POPE, CHEVALIER BROTHERS, BERYL MAY AND PAT WARNER (BABES), GRETA FAYNE, FAY COMPTON

SO you are going, or have been, to the pantomime. It must be so, else why should the largest theatres in England, Scotland, South Wales and Northern Ireland be devoted to pantomime from Christmas to the middle of March? Why go to pantomimes? "Because of the children" is less than half the answer: they draw their greatest crowds in the evening, after the little dears have been bathed and bedded. Is it, then, that you really like this form of British entertainment, which has never caught on in any other country? Or is it that pantomime has lasted so long as to become a crusted custom, like steak-and-kidney pudding and the Lord Mayor's Procession? For eighty years it has gone on and on, and the theatre-managers have cashed in and in.

So here they are again, at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Lyceum—bosomed Princes, muscular Dames, human horses, child-choruses, flying ballets, acrobatics and smackrobatics, popular songs for audiences to chirrup, transformation scenes, fun in the forest and the Baron's Picture Gallery, slapstick in the kitchen and everywhere else. Drury Lane has all this, just as it had in Dan Leno's day. Or had it? Miss Fay Compton is a charming, engaging, distinctive, even vigorous Robin Hood in *The Babes in the Wood*, but by no means a hearty, slap-me-thigh and see-me-contours Principal Boy, as in the old style of Bessie Belmore and the rest (it would come as a shock if Miss Compton suddenly slapped her thigh, good and hard). Mr. G. S. Melvin's Nurse Merryweather is funny and even fruity, but slim and quite unlike those buxom, hugely padded Dames that tumbled indecorously down the staircase in pantomimes of yesteryear. And the Mother Hubbard of Mr. Nelson Keys, in Covent Garden's *Red Riding Hood*, is dapper and almost dainty. Among the Dames in the New Year pantomime-honours,

only Mr. Clarkson Rose is one of those jolly, outsized matrons of tradition, who clip their husbands' ears with as much gusto as they would give to pulling beer-handles. (I doubt whether *The Queen of Hearts* ever had a better Queen than this at the Lyceum.) And neither Drury Lane nor Covent Garden nor the Lyceum repeats that ultimate edge in slapstick, which used to be part of every pantomime—the paper-hanging comics who sloshed each other with paste, slipped, slid and tobogganed on paste, oozed paste, apparently ate paste.

All of which merely suggests that pantomime has changed a few of its spots; not that it has gone sissy. Nothing, for instance, could be more virile than the forest outlaws of Drury Lane: being the Royal Mastersingers, they seldom cease from gathering round the sweet-voiced Robin Hood for far-flung, roof-raising song. Nor than the wicked robbers by the Chevalier Brothers, who hit each other excessively and very often. This *Babes in the Wood* is strong in comedians. Mr. Melvin, whether in telling bed-time stories, doing an undressing (and uncorseting) act, giving impossible lessons or rolling outrageous pie-crusts, is the Nurse of a bad child's happy dreams. Mr. Jack Edge endears himself with gentle jape and confidential clowning. When present, the excellent Horse by the Agar Young Duo runs away with the show, not to mention a lucky young stallite or two whom it takes for a ride. Brilliant acrobatics by the Ganjous and Juanita, bird-mimicry by the Arnaut Brothers, and a novel turn by the Globe Girls are incidental to a pantomime with no demerit except that (like nearly all pantomimes) it lasts too long.

Covent Garden scores, emphatically, with its background for *Red Riding Hood*. These villages and palaces, heaths and gardens, and especially this forest and this fairyland, are as lovely as they are luscious. What is more, the scenery doesn't overwhelm the story. Even when they burn down the forest to do in the wolf, they limit the flames to five minutes; though it does

seem a bit odd when Prince Charming suddenly enters Scottish Highlands-kilted and all that, for no evident reason except that some of the singing clansgirls wear little red riding-coats. Another maximum score is with the Principal Girl. As a pantomime rule,



AT COVENT GARDEN:
RED RIDING HOOD
(POLLY WARD)
SIMPLE SIMON
(GEORGE JACKLEY)



Pantomimes, 1939

this creature is a simpering ninny, a warbling little fool. But Miss Polly Ward can be as demure as you please, and then, having shed her heroine's hood, join Mr. Nelson Keys in fine burlesque. Miss Patricia Burke, as Principal Boy, is as dashing as needs be. Mr. George Jackley has a cajoling way with him; using at full blast a voice like a musical foghorn, he makes the Opera House sit up and take as much notice as it ever gave to Signor Gigli in impassioned song.



AT DRURY LANE: (TOP) NURSE G. S. MELVIN, BAD BOY JACK EDGE. (BELOW) CART BEFORE THE AGA YOUNG DUO'S HORSE

The Mother Hubbard of Mr. Nelson Keys has her rich moments (notably when she comes to the ball as Snow White), only they don't happen very often. Mr. Arthur G. Rees is a forceful Kingwolf; the Romas are an astonishing Horse. And there are stupendous giants, a modern harlequinade and a flying-ballet that actually floats over the stalls.



d'Ors, Paris

"SPI," WHO IS AT THE ODÉON

A new and amusing study of Spinelly, who is appearing at the Odéon Theatre in a revival of the famous farce, *La Dame de Chez Maxim*, and, by the same token, making a tremendous hit. This production is dressed in the frocks of the naughty 'nineties and "Spi" is the joy and delight of the evening

THE Old Year went out with fireworks, Très Cher. Sensational arrests in the cinema world have removed chubby-faced Jean Sert from his usual haunts of turf and *coulisses* and put him and his boy friends where they will no longer be able to dazzle pretty "extras" with the promise of stardom-overnight. The overnight part of the story often came true, such is the gullibility of little ladies, but rarely the stardom! A spectacular fire nearly melted the gold off the dome of the Invalides, and Napoleon, in his marble quarry, must have dreamed that he was again at the burning of Moscow, when he got over being puzzled by the new giant ladder of the Paris fire brigade. There have been parties and productions so numerous that one had to put cards and tickets into a hat: shake, take, and hope for the best. I was lucky, since I picked stalls for the new revue, *Madame la Folie*, at the Folies Bergère, and left my stable-mate to hold the box for Jean Sarment's three-act study of jealousy, *Sur les Marches du Trône*, at the Théâtre des Arts.

Jealousy is a melancholy vice, and somewhat boring for the onlooker, even when it is directed against such a delightful actress as Marguerite Valmond, and takes the form of Freudian cross-examination about the lady's past indiscretions. The intimate revelations one hears on the stage nowadays would be somewhat blush-causing if we were not becoming inured to them: one can get used to anything in this life, except, maybe, toothache. (You may conclude from this bitter remark that the annual avalanche of *marrons glacés* is upon us, and that, despite vows, I have succumbed. This *étrennes* business at the New Year is devastating when it comes to dietary resolutions. After the Christmas *réveillon* I

Priscilla in Paris

swore that I would start off to lose a couple of unwanted kilos of *avoidsupois* in January, but what-would-you-that-I-should-say-unto you—me? The flat is full of divine *marrons*, and even diviner chocolates!

Jeanne Aubert is the golden lady of the Folies, and although I have a sneaking preference for seeing her in a smaller theatre, and in revues by Rip—or even Dorin—her success in this, one of the loveliest shows I have seen in Paris for many seasons, is—to quote the box-office troglodyte—a smashing triumph. Why "smashing"? The only thing that smashed anywhere near me was a beautiful young man's opera-glasses when Mistinguett (or was it some other youthful blondinette?) tore them out of his feverish grasp and threw them into the promenade. Jeanne Aubert is far too subtle to smash or crash into even her greatest successes; she is the exquisite charm, the beauty, the dainty wit, the sartorial distinction and the top-line glory of this production (that is by Paul Derval and dressed by Madame-his-wife), while the Schwartz sisters are the riotous fun in two sketches complete with pianos, props, divine legs, flashing teeth, and a marvellous, intuitive gift of improvisation . . . or something that sounds like improvisation, but, like the notes "dashed off" by one of the Cranford ladies "in the half-hour previous to lunch" their "spontaneous" gaiety has been well prepared, garnished, spiced and edited before it is presented to the delighted public.

This show is definitely of the *théâtre du boulevard* brand and not merely for the delight of provincials and foreigners. British spectators may be a little surprised by the pale mauve and pearl satin suit worn by Lord Nelson, but this is poetic licence on the part of the costumier and, besides, all ears and eyes are for Jeanne Aubert, his enchantress. The New Year has brought a slip of red ribbon for Elvire Popesco, to wear above her heart, and she gave a gay *réveillon* party to celebrate. The Philippe de Rothschilds were there, Lady Horlick, Mme. Pierre David-Weill and Mme. Hervé Alphaud, and lots of lovelies whose names I missed (I'm *not* good at this sort of thing, I know!), but I didn't miss George Bonnet's proud boast that the truffles came from his part of the world—*le Périgord*—or Elvire's back-chat about Rumania and the caviare.

At Maxim's, one of the merriest *réveillon* parties was given by Spinelly and Pierre Benoit, and, of course, it had to be there since Spi is having such a success in the revival of *La Dame de Chez Maxim* at the Odéon. Two forty-year-old plays are the big hit of the moment in Paris. *Cyrano de Bergerac* at the Français, and *La Dame* at the Odéon. At every performance these theatres are packed. The Very Young want to know what it's all about, the Very Old want to revive tender memories, while the betwixt and between, undecided as to what attitude to adopt, take refuge in the easy task of finding Spi adorable in the costumes of 1897. She carries off this romping, be-whiskered farce with all the gaiety that is needed, and hits the *juste milieu* of taking it seriously enough to be convincing and, at the same time holding her tongue in her cheek, to the delight of the betwixt and between who are inclined to go highbrow and stand upon their dignity where they are *en Odéonie*.

PRISCILLA.

"MADAME LA FOLIE" CHEZ ELLE— AT THE FOLIES BERGÈRE



"LE TABLEAU DE NAPLES": JEANNE AUBERT
(LADY HAMILTON) WITH LORD NELSON



THE ENGLISH BLUEBELL GIRLS IN ONE OF THEIR DANCES



LES DANSEUSES NUES IN THE NURSERY SCENE IN THIS BIG REVUE IN PARIS

Jeanne Aubert predominates and pervades this big revue at the Folies Bergère, which is the talk of Paris and is certain to prove a magnet to all the boulevardiers on our side of the Channel. France enjoys no monopoly in this regard. It is rated one of the most spectacular and bubbling things that Paris has launched for many a day and, not content to rely entirely upon local loveliness, they have co-opted some from Albion, perfide (we hope) no longer. The *Tableau de Naples*, which, of course, has reference to the beginning of the Great Admiral's romance, is one of the most beautiful in the whole show. Jeanne Aubert is even more attractive than Romney's picture. She has in another place the song-hit of the revue, "Hyde Park," in the period 1810



JEANNE AUBERT—IN "HYDE PARK"

Harcourt

INDOORS IN SWITZERLAND

Gala Festivities at the Palace Embassy, St. Moritz



LEE TRACY AND HIS WIFE WERE IN THOROUGHLY GALA SPIRITS



AMERICA SUPS WITH DENMARK: MRS. GEORGE A. GARRETT AND COUNT HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW

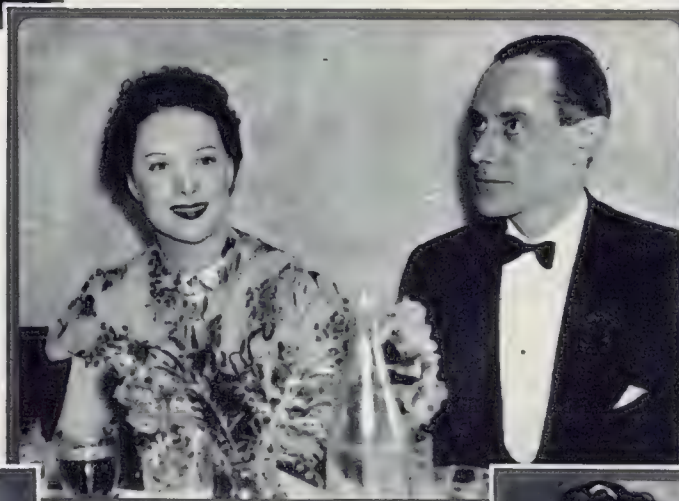


MISS MEGAN TAYLOR AND MR. HEINZ KOHLO



MISS MOLLY HARBORD AND MR. HAIG

There is a fine showing of Kirk Deighton Hall Harbords at St. Moritz this season, and the youngest daughter, Miss Molly Harbord, is having the whale of a time. Mr. Derek Haig also signals all 's very well; he is a son of Sir Harry Haig, who was appointed Governor of the United Provinces in 1932, after being Home Member of the Viceroy's Council. Sir Harry is a brother of Major-General A. B. Haig, Commandant of the Staff College, Quetta. The sister of a noted Cresta rider features below, together with a renowned host, Mr. Beddington Behrens, who knows more than most people about our Island trade story, being on the Grand Council of the Federation of British Industries



DIANA NAPIER AND MR. GOVETT

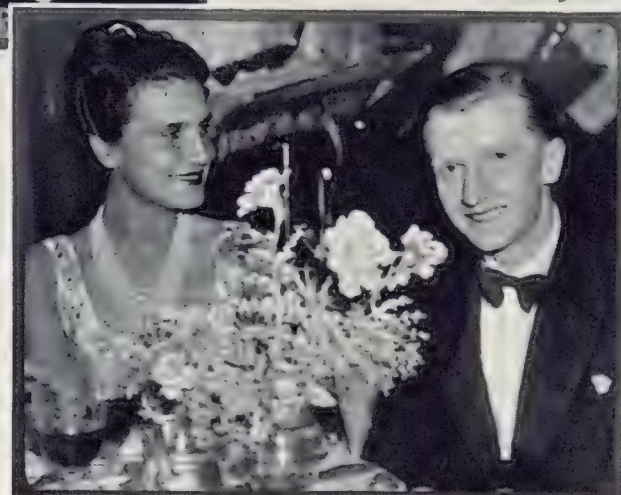
Richard Tauber's engaging wife, actress-film star Diana Napier, was one of the big social successes of this particular St. Moritz evening, and Mr. Leonard Govett partnered her at supper with pleasure. The Irving Netchers (she, as the world knows, was Rosie Dolly) had just fetched up from Paris, and Marjorie Lady Nunburnholme's younger son, the Hon. David Wilson, came Swiss from Sestriere. Mme. Paul Louis Weiller was deservedly adjudged "Miss Europe" a few years before she married Commandant Weiller, the French millionaire air ace



MR. AND MRS. IRVING NETCHER STAND UP TO THE CAMERA



MISS NINETTE HEATON, SISTER OF MR. JACK HEATON, WITH MR. BEDDINGTON BEHRENS



MME. PAUL LOUIS WEILLER HAD THE HON. DAVID WILSON AS SUPPER COMPANION

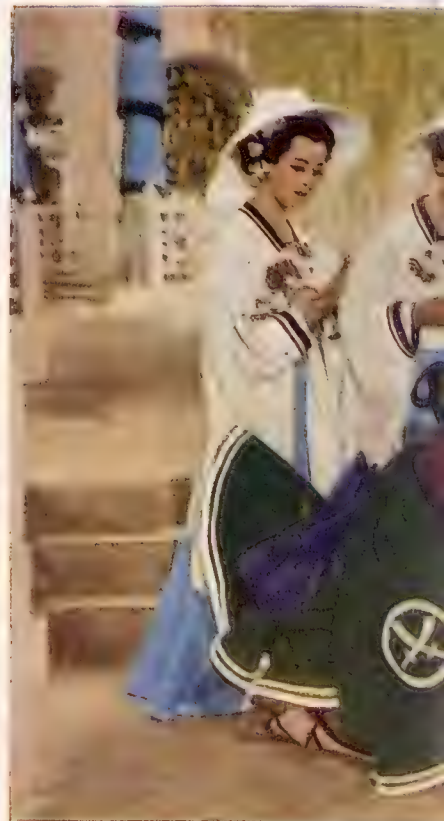


Number fifteen in our celebrity series of Wysard victims presents a Mayfair star turn from Ireland, the Weldon bachelor brotherhood. Sir Anthony of that ilk, 7th holder of the baronetcy and head of a family of great antiquity (there was a Sir Anthony Weldon in Queen Elizabeth's time, but they go back much further than that), emigrated from Kilmorony, his Irish place, to London not long after leaving Charterhouse and "went into" oil in which he has done well. In due course popular Lady Weldon and her two younger sons forgathered in London too, and since then, except for an Argentine interlude for Mr. Thomas Weldon, they have all lived together—that is until Lady Weldon's quite recent marriage to Mr. Wilfred FitzGerald. No mantelpiece is more crammed with date cards than that of the Weldon brothers. They get asked all over the map, and during the last year or two America, India and Java have entertained one or other of them. Mr. Terence Weldon's design for living is perhaps slightly more serious than his brothers', but his wit is as lively, every whit, and if, as is rumoured, he is writing a book, it should be worth reading.



POOH BAH (SYDNEY GRANVILLE) THE LORD HIGH EVERYTHING ELSE AND KOKO (MARTYN GREEN) THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER

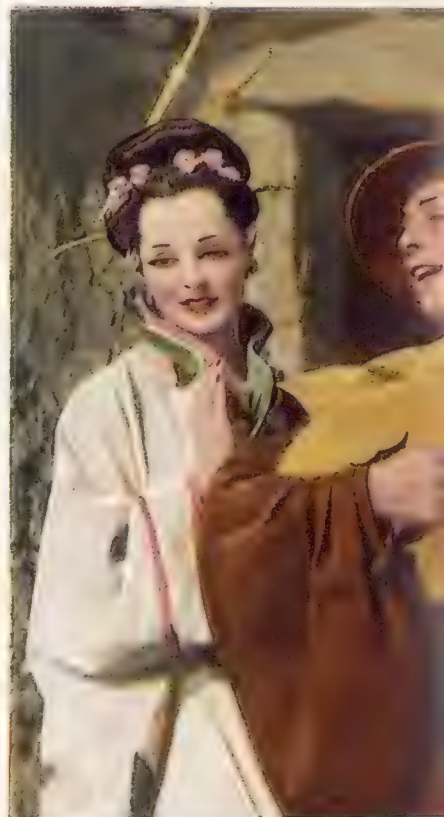
"THE MIKADO"—HIS
HE HAS ACHIEVED THIS TIME



PEEP BO (KATHLEEN NAYLOR),
(ELIZABETH PAYNTER), KOKO



"THE MOON AND I": YUM YUM (CENTRE),
PITTI SING, PEEP BO AND BRIDESMAIDS



YUM YUM
"A WANDER

The film premiere of *The Mikado*, the first of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas ever to be put upon the screen, will take place at the Leicester Square to the Boy Scouts' Appeal Fund, and as the house is packed the financial result, all other things apart, is bound to be all that we all want it to be. The fanatic will find all his old friends in the intriguing love story of Yum Yum and Nanki Poo most ably represented. Mr. John Barclay has put absolutely in the skin of the potentate whose criminal law reforms went far beyond anything of which any modern reformer has dreamed. The so much as thought of that! Mr. Martyn Green is Koko's regular exponent and in this gentleman we have again evidence of the futuristic character of the operas. There have not been many, if any, better Pooh Bahs than Mr. Sydney Granville. Pooh Bah was the Lord High Everything Else in *Titipu*. His regular exponent, has a great exponent in Mr. Gregory Stroud (well known to Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts).

A painting of three women in traditional Japanese attire. One woman is kneeling in the foreground, wearing a dark kimono and a white headband. Two other women stand behind her, wearing white kimonos and white headscarves. They are in an outdoor setting with a stone wall and foliage in the background.

UM YUM (JEAN COLIN), PITTU SING
AND NANKI POO (KENNY BAKER)



AND NANKI POO
NG MINSTREL I!"



PISH TUSH (GREGORY STROUD), THAT "MOST HUMANE"
MIKADO (JOHN BARCLAY) AND KATISHA (CONSTANCE WILLIS)



THE TOWN OF TITIPU—COMPLETE WITH
EXECUTIONER AND HIS STOCK IN TRADE

ure Theatre, on Thursday next, January 12th, and will be attended by T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent. All the proceeds will be devoted e. This beautiful picture hardly needs any recommendation other than the one which is given it in these two pages, and the Gilbert and Sullivan ayed the title rôle in America and Nanki Poo is played by Mr. Kenny Baker, who is an American with a golden tenor voice. Mr. Barclay is Mikado made the punishment fit the crime even down to compelling the billiard sharp to play with elliptical billiard balls. Our reformers have never r of this opera. The Mikado made every judge his own executioner, a very good notion. Koko was the Lord High Executioner of the town of Titipu. was born sneering and his family pride was prodigious. As we all know, Pooh Bah is a permanent lodger in our midst. Pish Tush, another noble- iasts both here and in Australia) and so has the bloody-minded Katisha in Miss Constance Willis

IN MEXICO ONE DRINKS MESCAL...★



... WHEN ONE CAN'T GET
Schweppees

★ Mescal is a spirit distilled from the leaves and roots of the 'Maguey' or Agave plant. It's pretty fiery stuff. In fact a good many rough-houses have started with too much Mescal in the glass and too much sun on the sombrero. And a good many have ended with a quiet siesta in a shady patio and the cooling, calmly-cheering conciliation of Schweppees.

WHEREVER YOU ARE... THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppees

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of public executioner. We may yet come to that. When we do, this extra duty may not be viewed with complete disfavour by Mr. Justice You-Know-Who, The Homicide's Terror. Koko—for such was this Japanese judge's name—had himself been under sentence of death for flirting, and he was only reprieved because they found themselves rather short of judges at that moment. None of the appointments to our own Bench, I hasten to add, have come about in this wise; in fact, I feel that it would be quite safe to assume that not one of the gentlemen who sit on our Bench even knows how to conjugate the verb "to flirt." So much for this Japanese judge.

The only other character which concerns us at a moment when Ministerial fluctuations are so much in the air is a man named Pooh-Bah. He was another labour-saving contrivance and, by a neat device, combined in his own person all the other Crown appointments excepting that of Lord High Executioner. It followed, therefore, that if the War Minister or even the Prime Minister were chucked out it did not matter a row of pins to him, for he had plenty of reserves ready. If the Secretary of State for War was booted for not having enough pineapple bombs to shy at marauding aircraft, all Pooh-Bah had to do was to pop the First Lord of the Admiralty into the War Office and the Minister for the Back Stairs into the Admiralty. It was an excellent arrangement and entailed absolutely no dislocation in Cabinet affairs, seeing that Pooh-Bah was all these functionaries rolled into one. In other lands than our own unenlightened one this system prevails, and it might save a lot of trouble (and articles in the papers) if we adopted the Pooh-Bah idea. As to the love-interest, I think the romantically-minded had better go and unravel this for themselves by seeing the film.

The death of someone who used to be very famous as a G.R. called "Mr. Locke" is a sad blow to all who knew him. No better man ever sat in a saddle than Lieut.-General Sir E. Locke Elliot, and no one looked better in



AT THE PERCY HUNT BALL AT ALNWICK CASTLE

In this picture are the people who came over from Cragside in Lord and Lady Armstrong's party. The festivity was appropriately at the abode of the Masters, the Duchess of Northumberland and her son, the Duke. In the group are: (left to right, back) Mr. Jelleyman, Sir Thomas Oliver, Lord Armstrong, Mr. Alex Thompson and Dr. Dicks; (in front) Miss Sanderson, Miss Dorothy Sanderson, Lady Armstrong, Mrs. Dickens and Miss Muriel Sanderson

that spot or out of it. Apart from this, he was a very distinguished cavalry soldier, a former I.G. Cavalry in India, and one who deserved all the advancement which his high qualifications as a soldier brought him. His exploits between the flags were achieved at a time when there was a vintage crop of Corinthians—Frank Johnson, Ding McDougall, Jack Hanwell, Jack Heygate, "Jabber" Chisholm, Bill Beresford, "Treasure" D'Albiac, Jules Legalais, Bertie Short, Rowley Hudson, "Mr. Kempton"—whose name was Cooper—and Hubert Gough, of a slightly younger generation. Locke Elliot owned the winner of the Indian Grand National, 1905, a big grey named Badger, and I have always rather regretted that he did not get up and ride him himself—but perhaps that might not have been considered seemly for a General officer. He could have done it, however, and done it jolly well.



AT THE PERCY'S "AFTER-THE-BALL" MEET

The tryst was at Ellingham Hall, Chathill, which is where Sir Carnaby and Lady Haggerston live, and the host and hostess are on either side of the Duchess of Northumberland, M.F.H. On the extreme left is Florence Lady Haggerston, mother of the present Baronet



MR. CYRIL TOLLEY, FAMOUS GOLFER, AND MISS MARYE POLE-CAREW

This picture comes from the Duke of Westminster's château in the Forest of Eu, near Dieppe, and Miss Pole-Carew has been hunting with the pack of hounds which the Duke keeps to attend to the boar. To tackle the gentleman with a hog-spear is not possible in those parts



THE OLD HAILEYBURIANS, WHO BEAT THEIR
OLD SCHOOL

The Old Boys took tea with the Young Boys to the tune of 10 points to 3 in this match, played just before another bad old year gave up the ghost, and the names in the side seen above are:

L. to r. (standing): G. B. Townend, J. A. Bentley, H. Cooper, J. L. Newbiggin, K. C. Hooper, J. H. Shoolbred, P. Hart, and G. E. T. Cope; (sitting) A. M. Greenwood, C. M. Beath, E. E. L. Clark (captain), R. F. Droogleever, and P. T. Cash; (on ground) R. M. Weston and R. B. Jones

DEAR TATLER,

WELL, we seem to have come to the end of the trial matches for another season, as far, at any rate, as England and Wales are concerned. On the whole, the trial games have been rather more satisfactory than usual, though there are several gentlemen residing in both the North and South who might have expected a call to their country's service. But that is the way in Rugby—we cannot all think alike, and there is a great deal of luck in the game; more so, in fact, than is realised by a good many people. By the time the next issue of *The Tatler* appears we shall probably know the result of the deliberations of the Selectors, and even at this late hour I doubt whether many people could give an absolutely correct forecast of the side. Wales, by the way, have been in quite as much trouble as England, if not more so, for they have apparently for the time being lost their great full-back, V. G. J. Jenkins, and they have had another problem to face in the matter of their halves.

No particular purpose would be served by discussing the possible chances of the various players, but we do seem sure to have a really sound full-back who can run, whether the final choice falls on H. D. Freakes or G. A. Hosking. The Birkenhead Park man may yet find himself holding the fort for England, with his Oxonian rival in front of him, where, I am convinced, he would be invaluable in keeping a stern eye on the Cardiff captain. As most people know, if W. Wooller is given some real chances he can create all sorts of trouble, and as he is obviously the danger in the Welsh attack this year, it may be just as well to nip him in the bud. Perhaps we have not yet altogether solved the centre problem of last year, but we can at least be sure of having plenty of pace on the wings.

According to the latest news regarding the regrettable injury to J. L. Giles, there can be little hope of his playing again this season, which means a distinctly serious loss to English Rugby. One can only offer him the sincerest sympathy and the wish that he may make a more rapid recovery than seems likely at present. Perhaps Giles's misfortune has been a golden opportunity for J. Ellis, which, up to the present, he has seized literally with both hands. It has been a refreshing change to see a scrum-half in action who does not conceive it his duty to fall down on every possible occasion, and should he succeed in making the team, as the Americans say, he will be very heartily congratulated. As to who may be his partner one can, at the moment of

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

writing, have no definite idea, but there are one or two, or even three candidates, not one of whom would seriously let England down.

As to the English forwards, all we can do, I think, is to trust to the Selectors, who must know more about them than any of us do. It may be as well to recollect that it is quite a long time since England had an inferior pack. One or two mistakes may have been made over a period of years, but not many, and they have speedily been rectified. Therefore, I say, trust the Selectors, and above all, be sure that they have some reason for their choice even when they differ,



Photos.: Stuart

HAILEYBURY COLLEGE XV.

Although the school was beaten by its own Old Boys' side 10-3 (see top for victors), it has done pretty well this season: drawn with Harrow, lost to Dulwich and Oundle, and beaten two good Rugger schools in Tonbridge and Bedford. The key to the above picture is, l. to r. (back): A. R. Holmes, F. H. Bristowe, R. A. Womersley; (2nd row) R. K. Denniston, A. F. H. Austen, J. E. D. Brewer, J. F. S. Saunders, R. V. Vanderfelt; (sitting) P. V. Roberts, P. M. Fordham, J. R. Carroll (captain), T. M. Carroll, and O. D. Fisher; (on ground) M. S. Ross and H. J. Hamilton

sometimes widely, from our own. As recently as last season, you will remember, there was a regular hue and cry about the advanced age of some of the forwards. Despite that, the English pack more than held its own against Wales and Ireland, and definitely held the Scottish pack at Twickenham when England were so terribly beaten for pace outside. Of possible candidates for this year, many people have a very high opinion of the Richmond forward, D. E. Teden, and believe him to be predestined successor to the first vacancy in the front row. Another forward who has very quickly established a big reputation is C. Newton-Thompson, who played so extraordinarily well against Oxford, and showed himself to be of the stuff of which Internationals are made.

It is interesting, at the turn of the season, to take a glance round the doings of some of the clubs, and to note how they have succeeded or failed, as the case may be, since the early days of September. The best record we have come across is that of Bedford, who are having an extraordinarily good season, and have actually only lost one match out of seventeen played, having won fourteen and drawn two. This is a very fine performance and quite entitles them to the honour of appearing in *The Tatler* as the "Half-way Champions." Under the presidency of Mr. E. E. Blake and the very able secretaryship of H. A. N. Tebbs, Bedford look like going from success to success. They have the right sort of captain in J. G. Cook, who gained a cap last season and may do so again during the next few months. With him is V. J. Lyttle, who also reached the dignity of a cap last year for Ireland and is quite likely to repeat the performance.

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**DON'T BE VAGUE
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NORMA SHEARER, MARLENE DIETRICH AND HENRY FONDA SUP TOGETHER

The rallying-point was that famous place, the Trocadero in Hollywood, and the camera blazed into the brown and got three big celebs. Norma Shearer, more or less fresh from being Marie Antoinette, goes to the opposite extreme and is said to be about to don black tights and a blonde wig and play a trapeze artist in *Idiot's Delight*. The gossip is that Lothar Mendes would like Marlene Dietrich to star in a re-make of a Russian film, *Dr. Katherine of St. Petersburg*, and others say that she may appear in a Broadway musical comedy. Henry Fonda is one of the busiest people on the screen at the moment. After *Spawn of the North*, *Jezebel* and others, Darryl Zanuck is said to be rushing him into an Abe Lincoln picture, *Lawyer of the West*—then *The Life of Alexander Bell*, and yet another one, *Jesse James*, in which he plays the famous outlaw's brother to Tyrone Power's Jesse.

"AND how do you know that it's the first of the month?" the visitor asked the host's little girl.

"'Cause all daddy's letters have got front windows in them," replied the child.

A man had lived in the same house for thirty years. He was an ideal tenant, paying his rent promptly the moment it was due, and causing no trouble in any way. One day, however, he went to visit his landlord.

"I've come to tell you," he said, "that I'm going to move."

"I shall be sorry to lose so good a tenant," replied the landlord. "May I ask where you are going to live?"

"Yes," replied his tenant; "I'm going to move to that house across the street."

"You're going to move across the street?" cried the other in amazement.

"After thirty years in this house. Why?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "I don't really understand it myself. I guess it's the gipsy in me."

At a school inspection some of the boys found a difficulty in the correct placing of the letters "i" and "e" in such words as "believe" and "receive." Noticing this, the inspector said blandly: "My boys, I will give you an infallible rule, one I invariably use myself."

The pupils were all attention, and even the master pricked up his ears. The inspector continued: "It is simply this—write 'i' and 'e' exactly alike and put the dot in the middle over them."

BUBBLE and SQUEAK



Photos: Hyman Fink

GRACIE FIELDS IN THE U.S.A.

Our Gracie, just before leaving for the U.S.A., was co-opted to edit the Christmas Number of the *British Movietone News*, and very well she did it. Her visit to America is not strictly on business and much more like just pleasure! She is due back here next month.

"Well, lad, what's ta want?" asked the Lancashire shopkeeper.

"A 'oomp-backed rabbit."

"A 'oomped-backed rabbit—whatever for?"

"Mother doesn't want top of rabbit pie to fall in."

The head of the house approached the young man. "Look here, young fellow," he said, "you have been calling here to see my daughter for a good long time now. May I ask what are your intentions?"

"Well, sir," said the suitor, "I had hoped to become an addition to your family."

"Let me tell you," was the reply, "there's nothing doing in addition, young man. You'll have to subtract."

An enthusiastic young recruit came on parade with a tiny Union Jack pinned to his tunic.

The Sergeant-Major could not believe his eyes, but, making allowance for the youth and keenness of the lad, and suppressing his natural emotions with an obvious effort, he said, not unkindly: "Look here, my lad, you try and remember you're in the British Army now. We don't want none of your blinkin' patriotism here!"

A down-at-heel tipster was "spinning the yarn."

"This is the finest information you can get for your money," he asserted. "The horse that I'm tipping you for the next race has been kept so dark that only three people in the world know it—the trainer, the jockey, and me. Why, we ain't even told the owner!"



There's a 'something' about these ships . . .

● "You'd think that any large and properly-run ship would be much the same as any other, from the passengers' point of view."

"I know! And yet, every time you travel on the 'Bremen' or 'Europa', you're struck anew by a 'something' they offer over and above their splendour and speed and luxury and all that sort of thing."

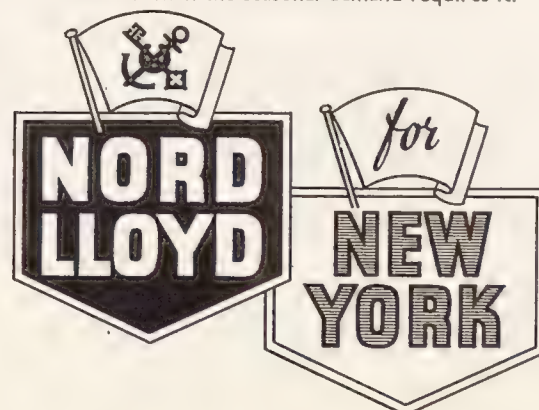
"If you ask me, I think it's something to do with the people one meets on board, rather than the ships themselves."

"Yes, but there must be something about the ships to attract such pleasant people every time."

"True enough! I never thought of that."

BREMEN EUROPA

Service augmented by S. S. Columbus and S. S. Berlin when the seasonal demand requires it.



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HIRSHMAN: RAW MATERIAL CARICATURIST!



HARPO MARX MADE WITH A MONEY-BELT, SOME TOMATOES,
A POTATO, A FRANKFÜRTER



HITLER: AN EGG, AN ICE-BAG, A GLOVE AND A PAINT-BRUSH



HAILE SELASSIE: AN OLD SHOE, A CIRCULAR
BRUSH, A RUBBER MAT

Only a master-mind could have evolved such a technique as Hirshman's. These are speaking likenesses—the essence of good caricature, and though in such a case as that of this genius it is entirely invidious to particularise, it is probable that first prize will be awarded by most judges, and perhaps even by the original himself, to Der Führer. At the risk of incurring a charge of *lèse majesté*, attention must be drawn to the fact that the egg which forms the picture's eye is a poached one. Leon Trotsky's eyes, on the other hand, are made of soap, and the rest of him is a mop. Harpo Marx and Haile Selassie, ex-Emperor of Ethiopia, are likewise masterpieces



LEON TROTSKY: A MOP, TWO CAKES OF SOAP
AND SOME POTATOES



The most important need in motoring is that degree of safety which the DUNLOP FORT alone can claim to have provided—no less surely than the highest degree of comfort at all speeds and on all surfaces.

DUNLOP TYRES
WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—(Contd. from p. 54)

From Warwickshire—(continued).

"to the manner born," as befits her parentage and the way she has ridden up to these Hounds most of her hunting life. Truly we may greatly hope to count these chickens as hatched.

From the Grafton.

Cold and wild weather, with constant changes, has put the lid on hunting for the past fortnight. We hope that the New Year will be a more auspicious one for hunting folk. Before the snow and frost set in, an amusing day was enjoyed from Sulgrave one Friday, when there was a good gathering; an isolated Wednesday, where little was done, owing to bad weather conditions, being the only other fixture possible. Consequently horses were madly fresh when hounds met at Turweston on Friday, and a good day's sport ensued. Hounds hunted laboriously in Turweston Wood, through Westbury Wild and Morgan Spinney, and they soon got on terms with their fox and chased him through Stratford Hill and as far as the river, where he turned up Stowe Avenue and went to ground in a drain. This was a hound hunt of fifty-five minutes. Later on, from Timm's Gorse, there was a fast hunt on a good line to Buckmill's, where they pushed their fox out again, but couldn't do much with him. From Astwell Mill they ran nearly to Weedon Bushes, and back along the brook to Astwell again. Then on to Helmdon and back past Astwell to Wappenham, where the run ended in a hailstorm. An excellent New Year's Eve party was thrown by Colonel and Mrs. Lester Reid, and no regrets at seeing the last of 1938 and welcoming in 1939.

From Lincolnshire.

Happily, the wintry blast came to an end just before the dawn of the New Year, and we are now hunting again. The Belvoir signalled their return to the field by scoring one of their best gallops this season, after meeting at Little Ponton Hall on December 30. Slipping away on a gallant fox while everybody was coffee-housing in Humby Wood, hounds ran at a great pace for sixty minutes, during which they crossed ten miles of country, and were not overtaken until they reached Lord Ancaster's park at Grimsby, in Cottesmore country. Only George and his first lieutenant were able to keep anywhere near the flying pack; indeed, all the rest were trekking in confusion to find out the way they had gone! On the following day, the Burton, in a great hunt of two hours from Foxhall Wood, crossed so much flooded country that, more often than not, hounds were swimming after their fox, which eventually beat them near the Barlings River. Let's hope he did not find a watery grave in its turgid waters!

From the Pytchley.

A long gap in the proceedings due to the widespread frost and snow, but the menace is swiftly departing, and it looks as if we shall be hunting again by the end of the week. The foot public must have been disappointed at missing the Harlestone Heath appointment on Boxing Day, and it was sad that the Holcut and Oxendon meets were naturally impossible. We have all had time to recuperate from Christmas.

Thinking of that festive season, I am wondering how many people received that interesting book "Wild Lone" as a present—a colourful tale of a brave little Pytchley fox. The Hunt Ball season is in full swing, and many dances in this part of the world promise to be great fun, Overstone School again having been lent, and Francis Gage working hard to make the Pytchley Ball the usual success.

Pony Club members are going to have a busy winter programme; there will be few members who will have missed being at Cottesbrooke on January 5, to meet the Aldershot Drag Hunt. Cecily does work hard with the Pony Club, and deserves a lot of praise for taking on such a hard task!

Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings.

The frost which came so suddenly closed us down for ten days; however, we were more lucky than many others, as skating was soon in full swing, and in consequence we were not quite so "liverish." Master made a start again on Boxing Day, in the home coverts, but the going was very treacherous; and the same applies to Wednesday from Tormarton, and, in consequence, scent was very catchy: in fact, all that week sport was only moderate. On Monday from West Tytherton, foxes kept getting to ground, which didn't add to the day's enjoyment in a biting north-west wind. The Farmers' and Subscribers' Ball, held at Badminton House on January 5, attracted a very large gathering and a number of tents were erected to deal with the situation. The Berkeley resumed on Boxing Day at Frocester, with a huge crowd of holiday-makers following in cars, etc., and an enjoyable hunt followed. We hear with deep regret of the resignation of the Earl; no one has done more for foxhunting, and over a great number of years; it is to be hoped he may find a suitable "joint."

Meynell Musings.

Christmas has come and gone, and with it, much to the delight of all, the "cold spell," and hunting was resumed on Tuesday at Catton Hall, but scenting conditions were bad. Everyone was delighted to see Colonel Anson about again. The Harrington Hunt Ball took place on Boxing Day at Elvaston, and, in spite of the tricky weather, was well supported. On Thursday a very large field turned up at Sutton Cross Roads, and they were treated to a first-class hunt from Boden's Thorns and a very fast gallop to finish the day. On Friday all roads led to Byrkley (kindly lent by Sir William and Lady Noreen) for the Hunt Wire Ball, and a very large crowd turned up. Heavy snow fell in the early hours of the morning, and from all accounts, several were lucky to get home, after thrilling experiences in various ditches! On Saturday, Osmaston Manor was the rendez-vous, and a late start was made owing to deep snow; however, it thawed a bit, and we had quite a pleasant twenty minutes in the afternoon. The "Fancy Dress Advertisement Party" at Callingwood Hall on New Year's Eve was the best ever, and went from the word "go!" Our best congratulations to Daulty. Again we were in luck on Monday from Marston Montgomery, a really first-class gallop of over an hour, and in the best of the Monday country.



MEMBERS OF THE WEST KENT

Mr. William Charles Crocker and Mr. G. Russell Vick, K.C., at a lawn meet of the West Kent Hounds at Holywell Park, near Wrotham, the home of Mr. Claud Goddard. Mr. Russell Vick, who took silk in 1935, is Recorder of Halifax. The West Kent (Master and Huntsman since 1933, Captain J. Garle) have as their neighbours the Old Surrey and Burstow, the Eridge, and the Tickham

FAMOUS WHITE HORSES OF ENGLAND

The White Horse, Cherhill, Wiltshire

They may not agree
about horses on hills
—but they ask for

“Do you know the history of the white horse on that hill?”

“No, but I know the history of another White Horse. It’s a story of keeping faith with tradition, of careful selection, clever blending and long maturing. The result is a whisky, fine as a fine liqueur.”

WHITE HORSE

as a matter of course



Screw-cap flasks
on sale everywhere

THE FOUR ACES

By NORAH C. JAMES

FOR five days the s.s. *Atlanta* had wallowed in the grey tossing waves that gave her passengers no moment of respite. But on the sixth day, the morning broke on a calm, though swiftly running sea. The sky was blue and bright sunlight poured down upon the upper decks.

At a card-table in the American bar, four men sat playing poker. The sunlight streamed in through the portholes, streaking the hands holding the cards with gold. Jeff had been winning steadily for over an hour. Larry said:

"I'm down to my last chip; I'll have to buy some from you, Jeff." He took a sip from the glass set in the arm-rest of his chair, then lit another cigarette from the stub he was still smoking. Fergus, the man on his right, grinned sardonically. Antonio, the fat little man, seemed unperturbed. He puffed stolidly at the cigar between his full, red lips.

"Cheer up, Larry. By to-morrow we'll be in New York; the first officer told me so this morning. He also mentioned that the wireless is still out of action and can't be repaired till we reach port."

"To-morrow. The hell of a lot can happen before then!"

"Your ante." Jeff said.

Just then, a tall, powerfully built man, dressed in grey, walked slowly through the bar. The four poker players became still, as though holding their breaths. The man in grey nodded slightly and then passed on. Two seconds afterwards, he left the bar.

The poker players came to life again. Jeff shoved the chips on the table into his pocket. Antonio picked up the cards. They walked out of the bar, too casually.

Ten minutes later, they were all in Jeff's cabin. The masks they had worn to cover their expressions were now gone. Larry spoke first:

"He recognised us."

"Of all the damnable luck," Jeff said.

"That means Sing Sing for all of us," Fergus remarked.

"If we let him get us," Antonio said, softly.

"How are we going to prevent it?" Larry asked, and walked across the cabin till he was able to look out of the porthole at the shining sea.

"Praps Antonio means to take a long swim," Fergus said.

Antonio went to the cabin door; he opened it very softly and looked outside. Then he came back, locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

"There's one chance," he said.

"What?" Jeff demanded.

"Well, Casson knows, so Casson's got to disappear."

The other men looked down at the floor and did not speak.

"Then that's carried unanimously, eh?"

"What's the big idea?" Larry wanted to know.

"To-night I'll ask him to have a drink. He'll accept; he's that sort of man. We'll all be sitting in the saloon together and then I'll go up and give the invite. That all right?"

"And then?" Jeff asked.

"He'll come. The smoking saloon'll be deserted by eleven-thirty, it always is. We'll all be drinking while talking about the trip and the pool——"

"Cut it out and come to the doings," Fergus said.

"All right, I'm only trying to give you the dope. Suddenly, to our horror, he'll take a revolver out of his pocket and . . . shoot himself."

"You're crazy," Larry told him.

"No, it's horse sense. The shot will be heard; the people who'll come running will find us four there, utterly bewildered by what's happened. He'll be dead, and we're four against nothing. No one, except him, knows who we are. We'll be able to leave the ship to-morrow . . . free men still."

"There's sense in what he says, boys; if none of us can think of a better plan," Jeff said.

"Who's to do it?" Larry wanted to know. His voice was doubtful. Antonio answered eagerly:

"We'll draw lots. You all know the switch of the lights is on the left of the saloon door. One of us will make some excuse, like fetching another ash-tray or something. That'll be his cue to turn the lights out; at the same time he'll flash his torch on him and one of the other three will shoot."

"That's O.K. by me," Fergus said. The others nodded their assent.

Antonio took the pack of cards from his pocket and sent them spinning in an arc upon the table.

"Someone pick out the four aces," he said.

"Who's to shoot?" Jeff said.

"I don't care; make it spades."

"Better say hearts," Fergus suggested with a hard smile.

"No, spades. Hearts aren't my lucky suit," Larry remarked.

"All right, stick to spades," Fergus murmured.

"After we've drawn, we won't show our cards. There's no need for anyone to know who's going to shoot. Just a safety clause for later," Antonio remarked.

They all nodded and, when the four cards had been shuffled and placed face downwards on the table, each man drew one. Antonio was the last and he immediately threw his back, face upwards. They all stared; it was the ace of diamonds.

"I'm out anyhow, so I'll see to the lights and flash the torch on him. Spades will shoot. Everything clear?"

No one spoke, but once more they nodded.

It was nearly midnight the same evening. Five men sat in the deserted smoking-saloon. One of them was the big man in the grey suit. A steward brought five whiskies to them and disappeared. In the distance could be heard the music of the orchestra playing for the last-night-aboard dance.

"Glad to be back in New York," Fergus said.

"So shall I. Got a lot of work on hand," the man in grey said, thoughtfully. Antonio took a deep breath and got up.

"God, it's hot in here; I'll just open the door." He walked slowly across the floor. One hand was already feeling for the torch in his pocket. None of the other men moved.

The next moment, the room was in deep darkness until a stab of light picked out the man in grey. A shot rang out; it sounded deafeningly loud in the quiet saloon.

The light sprang up again and Antonio ran across to the chair in which slumped the dead body of the man in grey. Then he saw what the other three had already noticed: on the table, by the dead man's hand, were lying . . . two revolvers.

"God, what's happened?" Antonio whispered. Already, two bright patches of blood were widening on the breast of the grey suit.

As if his hands were made of lead, Larry drew out the ace of hearts and put it upon the table.

"You damned fool! I was to shoot!" Fergus said, as he placed the ace of spades next to the other man's card.

"I was to shoot," Larry repeated, hoarsely.

"No, no, it was spades," Antonio said harshly. Then he drew himself up and waited, while the sound of steps came closer to the saloon.

"No one commits suicide with two revolvers," Jeff said.

"Not as a rule. Here they come——"

The saloon door burst open.

THE END.

This England . . .



Iron Tors—Dovedale

WHETHER you love England as sweetheart or as wife—snatching brief hours of wooing from your city toil, or daily serving her moods in yeoman patience—it is the earth itself and not the name that holds your heart. The Englishman is no aggressive patriot; some quiet corner of his land means more to him than flags. And so in times of peace this love of soil is only heard in minor forms of speech. “English new-laid, southdown, home-grown . . .” these are his words of final excellence. And what of “home-brewed” that is no more at hand? That, too, he would not lose and has preserved in its most comely form—our Worthington, straight from the soil . . . a marriage of English excellence with homely craft.





LATVIA IN LONDON

During his recent visit to England for Anglo-Latvian trade discussions, M. Vilhelms Munsters, Latvia's Minister for Foreign Affairs, paid calls on several big British firms and is seen here (left) at Rootes' showrooms in Piccadilly, with Mr. W. E. Rootes and (right) M. Charles Zarine, Latvian Minister in London. Both M. Munsters and M. Zarine own Humber cars. More and more British cars are finding their way to Latvia, and during the first six months of 1938 thirty-four per cent. of these (according to official figures) were either Humbers or Hillmans

Utility Vehicles.

COUNTRY houseites have shown high appreciation of the utility vehicle: the motor-car chassis with the body that can be used for personal baggage, carrying a shooting party, for station work in general, and a host of other country-house duties. Indeed, when this type first appeared it leaped instantly into popularity. But then there came the squabbles about its "private" status. The police launched a prosecution upon the owner of one of these vehicles for exceeding 30 m.p.h. in a de-restricted area, on the grounds that it was a commercial vehicle. Since then there have been various moves and counter-moves; but the upshot is that, if you want to exceed 30 m.p.h. and to pay private-car tax rates with a utility car, you must screw up the back board and permanently fix the seats inside.

Obviously the value of this type of vehicle is markedly diminished by these measures, for if the seats cannot be moved, the interior cannot be used at any required moment for carting baggage, guns, game, or other loads. But that is how the law seems to stand. Now Captain Philip Anderson has made the proposal that the law should be amended to remove these disabilities from the utility car. He bases his claim on the contention that the utility vehicle is a type which would be of immense value in time of war and that it would be worth the Government's while to build up a large fleet of them during the peace. If these vehicles were really being used for commercial purposes to any large extent, the refusal to allow them to exceed 30 m.p.h. would be understandable. But I have never seen any trustworthy evidence that they are being used for commercial purposes. They are being used as genuine private motor-cars, for carrying people and their personal baggage.

A.R.P.

For service in an emergency; for A.R.P. work, ambulance work, evacuation work and other important duties, it would be difficult to imagine a more suitable vehicle than



THE HUNT IS UP

Mr. Edward Bennett, Lady Seager and Sir Leighton Seager at Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bennett's Monmouthshire home, Llanvihangel Court, where a treasure-hunt took the place of a foxhunt when the children's meet of the Monmouthshire was cancelled by foot-and-mouth disease. Sir Leighton Seager, High Sheriff of Monmouthshire last year, and director of many South Wales shipping concerns, lives at Bryn Ivor Hall, near Cardiff



KNOWLEDGEABLES AT THE NEWBURY MEETING

The Hon. Dorothy Paget and her trainer, Mr. Owen Anthony, considering the card. Miss Paget, who has just bought the promising five-year-old 'chaser, Knight of the Border, with engagements, had five horses running at the Newbury Old Year Meeting. In a fine finish her Ard Macha was beaten half a length by African Sister in the Didcot Hurdle. Owen Anthony, second of three famous brothers, has trained Miss Paget's jumpers for the last three or four seasons

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

the utility car. But a lot of them would be wanted, and while the law stands as it is people are not encouraged to buy them. There has not been much sign as yet that the authorities appreciate the important part that road transport must play in an emergency or that they realise how much of that road transport must be provided by private cars, commandeered or voluntarily offered.

Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo is one of those names, to be grouped with many of the lovely names of places on the Côte d'Azur, which sharpen the desire for peace. I know that they are mostly—though not invariably—luxury places; but I am an advocate of luxury, and I

believe that the hate some people try to direct against it is ill-informed. The work that goes into a diamond necklace covers a wide range of wage rates. The same is true of luxury clothes, luxury foods, luxury drinks. When it is stated that some rare food, costing a fabulous price, is served, there are those who bitterly contrast it with the dry crust of the poor. But the provision of the dry crust is cheap, partly because it employs fewer people at lower average wages than the exotic food. Exhibitions of what are called vulgar display by the very rich are often more active in the provision of work and good wages than the puritanical plainness looked on as virtuous. Consequently, the attempts sometimes made to stir up a passion of hatred against luxury and the luxury places leave me cold. The annual Monte Carlo Car Rally helps to spread the true and attractive picture of the pleasures which that famous place can offer. Certainly those who take part in the Rally appreciate Monte Carlo, and are urged on in their stern efforts during the road section by the thought of the beauties of their destination. Jan. 17 is zero hour, you remember, and the entries are exceptionally good.



*Advice of prominent car
manufacturers for 1939
is "Go—don't wait for
engine to warm up. Drive
straight off after starting." The
reason is that nine out of ten new
cars will have automatic chokes. They
give quicker warming up, and save
cylinder wear. But they demand petrol
equally quick on the up-take. Shell, 100% pure
and fortified by "re-formed" petrol, is exceptionally
volatile and perfectly suited to the modern engine.*

***SHELL FOR GO
GO FOR SHELL***

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

Pilots Pullulate.

PILOTING is becoming as popular as push-halfpenny. No longer do people look upon it as a mystery; no longer do they believe that the airman is a masked and muffled medicine-man making high hoodoo in the heavens; no longer, even, do they look upon him as a dangerous lunatic in his own right and in other people's way. On the contrary, he is now regarded as ordinary. And soon, such is the turn of the time, it will be as much a distinction not to be able to fly an aeroplane as it now is not to be able to drive a car. Pilots, to put it bluntly, are breeding like flies, and the Royal Aero Club has just reported a record number of aviators' certificates issued in one month. It was a month with short hours of daylight and long hours of rotten weather, yet the average worked out at *one new pilot every hour of daylight*. Think of it! Every hour a flyer is fledged. Mr. Arthur Askey ought to give us a sequel to his "How I wish I were a little fish" with "I often sigh to be a little fly," and dedicate it to the clubs and schools.

It is a satisfactory state of affairs, this pilot pullulation, for it makes it clear that there is at present little risk of a shortage of pilots for the reserve. Some of the newcomers are unsuited to war work. Some of them are women. Few sights are more saddening than that presented by numbers of young and mostly good-looking

prizes, and the vulgarisation of aviation is benign.

Peace or Pieces.

Those who peer into the future have been doing a good deal of peering



OFF HONEYMOONING TO SWITZERLAND

Lt.-Commander and Mrs. Jones boarding the plane which they chartered at Southampton Airport to fly to Croydon on the first stage of their honeymoon, the balance of which is to be spent in Switzerland. The wedding took place quite recently at St. Andrew's Church, Laverstock, near Salisbury



Howard Barrett

AT THE HURWORTH HUNT BALL

Mrs. J. M. Barwick, wife of the Master of the famous Yorkshire pack, the Bedale, and a daughter-in-law of Sir John Barwick, with Air Commodore A. L. Godman, who lives at Smeaton Manor. More pictures of this function will be found on another page of this issue



IN THE ST. MORITZ SNOWLAND

Commandant Paul Louis Weiller, millionaire air ace, and Madame Weiller at Corviglia, where a large mobilisation of wintersporters is in progress. From all directions come reports of perfect ski-ing conditions, and St. Moritz signals a three-foot depth of fast powder-snow

women dressed up in overalls, performing pseudo-military manœuvres. It is an aping of one of the stupider male activities. But I suppose we have no right to differentiate and to weed out the applicants and take only those who would be useful to the country in an emergency. So we must take all and trust that, among them, there will be enough useful ones. For it is one of the penalties of the simplification of piloting that everybody's doing it. But on the whole, the penalties are fewer than the

preparations; but that may be looked upon as purely a hot-Aryan argument.) Mr. C. R. Fairey has taken, I think, the right line. He has organised his company so that it is one of the most efficient producers of military aircraft; but at the same time he has got out this important new design of four-engined civil air-liner and has put it into production.

The consequence is that the Fairey Company, if peace is by any chance affirmed this year or next year, will be in a position at once to swing over its effort without the disorganisation and unemployment which must attend the change in a less well-prepared company. Mr. Fairey himself expressed the hope that the frantic building of military aircraft would stop in the near future and that aviation would be able to get down to its real job of providing fast communications. The change must come; for the only alternative is world chaos. If the immense war-machines now being created in Europe go into action, commercial flying will be dead for generations. For the sake of aviation, let us echo Mr. Fairey's hope that some way out of this mad armaments race will soon be found.

Air College.

I return to training so that I can say—somewhat late, I admit—a few words about the annual dinner and dance of the College of Aeronautical Engineering and the Automobile Training College. I promised at the time to return to the subject. Mr. C. H. Roberts, the principal, presided, and the speakers included Mr. E. C. Gordon England, Mr. A. Percy Bradley, Mr. F. Handley-Page, and Sir Edward Campbell. Mr. Roberts gave an impressive list of students who, after leaving the college, had attained high positions in the aircraft industry.



Player's

Though fashion may influence her choice in many matters, she smokes Player's because, like so many of her friends, she prefers these excellent cork-tipped cigarettes.

CORK TIPPED MEDIUM OR MILD

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS P. H. RITCHIE

Douglas

The younger daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. Ritchie, D.S.O., and Mrs. E. J. H. Luxmoore, of Draycott Place, S.W.3, who is engaged to Mr. J. D. Whatman, son of Major and Mrs. A. Whatman, of Walsham Hall, Suffolk

Marrying Next Month.

Mr. D. H. Parker Bowles and Miss de Trafford are being married at Brompton Oratory on February 14, and on February 15 is the wedding of Mr. C. A. Lee Steere and Miss Patience Pigott-Brown. This will take place at St. Margaret's Church, Ockley, Surrey. Another February wedding is that of Mr. M. C. Festing, son of the late Colonel M. Festing and of Mrs. Festing, of Great Comberton, Pershore, and Rosamond Mary, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Barclay, Castle Harrison, Charleville, Co. Cork.

Recently

Engaged.

The Hon. John Acland-Hood, younger

son of the late Lord St. Audries and of Lady St. Audries, and Phyllis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Denys B. I. Hallett, of Old Palace Terrace, Richmond; Mr. A. H. Cox, R.A.F., younger son of Mr. C. L. Cox, C.B.E., M.Inst.C.E., and Mrs. Cox, of Linkfield Lane, Redhill, and Marie Holdridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Holdridge, of Londesborough, York; Mr. F. Webster, eldest son of the late Sir Francis and Lady Webster, of Arbroath, and Nancy Katharine, second daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. R. F. Elsmie; Mr. E. James, of Winchester College, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. James, of Parkstone, Dorset, and Cordelia Mary, only daughter of Major-General Wintour, C.B., C.B.E., and Mrs. Wintour, of Broadstone, Dorset; Mr. L. Fleury, son of the late Mr. Georges Fleury, of Monte Carlo, and Mme. Louise



MISS DENISE GODEFROI

Lenarc

Whose engagement has just been announced to the Hon. David Kenworthy, eldest son of Lord and Lady Strabolgi. Miss Godefroi is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Godefroi, of St. James's Palace, S.W.1

Fleury, of Anieres, Geneva, and Joan, only daughter of Mrs. R. L. Andrews Hatwell, of High Peak, Bournemouth, and Mr. A. J. Hatwell, of Stratford on Avon; Mr. B. S. Downward, late of Digboi, Assam, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Downward, of Beckenham, and Elizabeth Mary, younger daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart Forbes Sharp, O.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., the 9th Scottish Regiment, The Seaforth

Highlanders, and Mrs. Forbes Sharpe, of Nablus, Palestine; Lieutenant-Colonel E. N. Goddard, M.V.O., O.B.E., M.C., 4/15th Punjab Regiment, Indian Army, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Goddard, and

Elizabeth Lynch, daughter of Major Lynch H. Prioleau, M.B.E., late The Manchester Regiment, and Mrs. Prioleau, Green Elms, Mortimer, Berks; Mr. J. C. N. Shrubsole, R.N., elder son of Com. H. Shrubsole, R.D., R.N.R. (ret'd.), and Mrs. Shrubsole, of Glebe Road, Bedford, and Yvonne Hilary, daughter of the late Mr. H. F. A. Chisman, of Wallingford, and Mrs. Chisman, of Newlands, Hambridge, Newbury; Mr. W. H. S. St. John-Brooks, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. R. St. John-Brooks, of York Mansions, S.W.11, and Frances Elizabeth, daughter of Lt.-Col. E. C. de Renzy-Martin, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., and the late Mrs. de Renzy-Martin, of Farringdon Hurst, Alton, Hants.; Mr. J. C. Wolley Dod, of Edge Hall, Malpas, Cheshire, and Winifred, daughter of Canon and Mrs. Gorst, of Chisleton, Chester; Mr. M. H. Marsham, of Landsteward's House, Antrim, and Frances Aileen, only daughter of Mrs. J. R. Landale, formerly of Craigavad, Co. Down

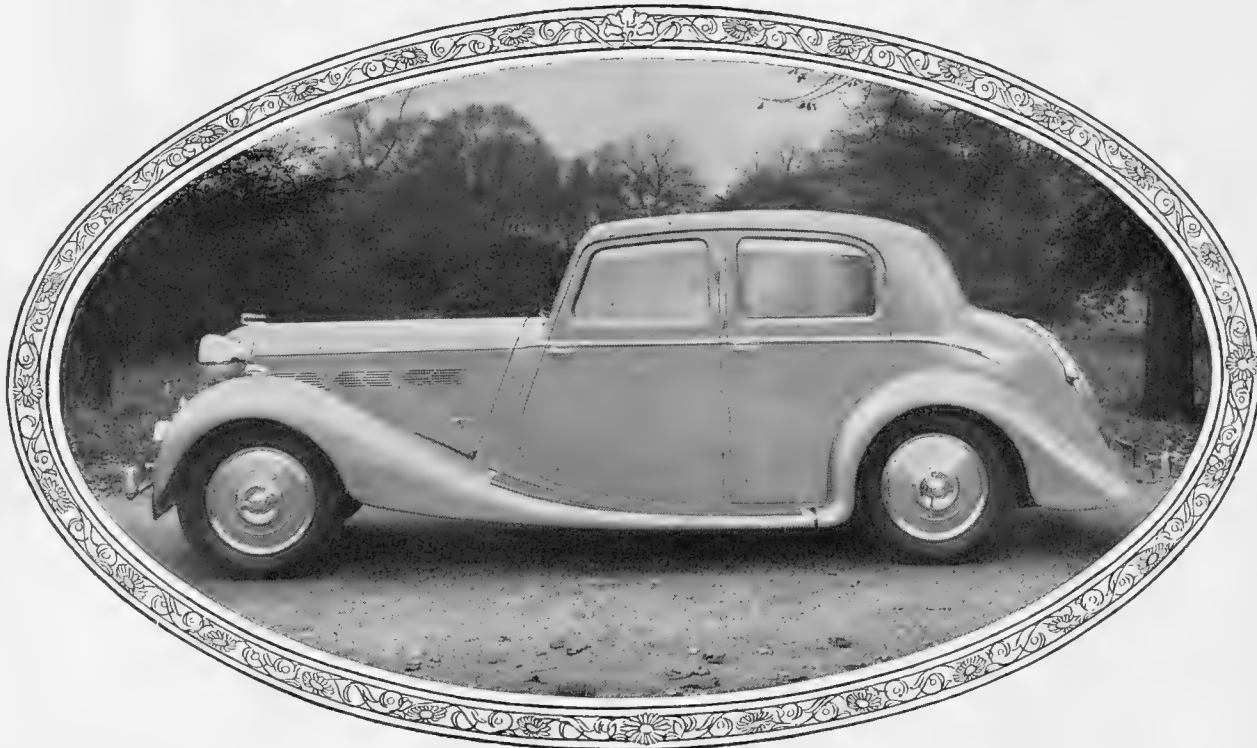


LADY MOLLY CORRY

Hay Wrightson

Who is engaged to Lieutenant J. F. Cochrane, R.N., of Alkham Lodge, near Dover. Lady Corry lives at Havenfield, Hawkinge

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Property of Miss Schwabe

is recognized as the senior women's kennel association by all the other women's associations, with whom it works in perfect harmony. This is as it should be, for all the women's kennel associations have as their aim the furtherance of women's interest in the dog world.

The Great Dane has been known in England for many years. He is a very old Continental breed and appears in many old pictures. He is a beautiful dog to look at and makes an excellent companion, as he is active and his short coat is no trouble. He is not at all savage and is most tractable, but his appearance is sufficiently awe-inspiring to keep away undesirables. Mrs. Lee Booker has a well-known kennel of Great Danes. She does not keep many, so all have individual attention. She has some young dogs under twelve months old for sale "at companion prices." All are well reared and well behaved and just of an age to train to one's own habits.

Our annual general meeting takes place, as usual, the second day of Cruft's. I make my yearly appeal to members to attend. When things are going well, people do not bother to go to meetings; quite a different matter when they are not! Of course, this is flattering in a way, but it would be much nicer if members would spare a few minutes to cheer their committee and also take an interest in the working of their Association. The voting papers for the committee will soon be out and I do hope everyone will vote. There are one or two vacancies this year, but these are more than made up by candidates for election. Interest in the Association is still great and it



GREAT DANE

Property of Mrs. Lee Booker

One of the best known kennels of French Bulldogs is that of Mrs. Roberts at Stoke Poges. Mrs. Roberts has owned and bred French Bulldogs for many years and some of the best have come from her kennels. She sends a photograph of one of the latest, L'Entente le Petit Duc, by L'Entente le Tigre. He is a small dog but very stocky, with great bone and a wonderful head and front. He has not been much shown, but he got the certificate at Richmond. He is a good stud dog, his last two families consisting of nine and seven. Mrs. Roberts has at present

some puppies, brindle and pied, for sale. Stoke Poges is within easy reach of

London and visitors are always welcome. Mrs. Roberts also has boarding kennels, and those who know her will know that the dogs have every attention and always come first.

There is no reason for some things. One is the lapse of popularity of the Manchester Terrier. He is intelligent, very handsome and a keen ratter. Affectionate and long-lived—I know at this moment of one aged twenty-one—so why should he have gone out of favour. However, breeds have a way of coming back into fashion and there are signs the Manchester is going to. One of the people who have helped to this desirable end is Miss Schwabe. She has spared no time or trouble in bringing the Manchester to the front. She finds him the best possible companion and all those who take him up are delighted with him. Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



FRENCH BULLDOG

Property of Mrs. Roberts

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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. Brooke

ALTHOUGH the winter sale is in progress at Jay's, Regent Street, there are to be studied the advance guard of the coming season's fashions. They well merit the name which has been bestowed upon them—"Spring Specials." It is in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor that the "Spring Special" on this page may be seen. The colour is an elusive shade of pastel French blue, while the wool material has an angora finish. Buttons at the neck of the dress make the trimming, and there is a slide fastener. Touches of silver appear on the belt. The coat is generously trimmed with fox dyed to tone. The fullness above the waist line flatters the figure which is not so slender as the owner would like. This ensemble costs 17½ guineas. It seems almost unnecessary to add that coats and skirts are well represented. Some have plain skirts with striped coats, others are vice-versa. Capes with a military swing sometimes finish these suits instead of coats

Picture by Biaké



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Ecru Lace on Satin or Chiffon—an exquisite Nightgown, square necked, tucked waistline. Peach, Turquoise or Sky Blue. Fenwick's Sale £1

POST FREE!



Angora House Coat, zip fastener up the front, tailored collar, puff shoulders. Green, Navy, Saxe. Fenwick's Sale £1

COME TODAY!



Square neckline. Tinted Lace and Chiffon Bodice, Satin Skirt. Lovely Nightie, Shell Satin with Shell Lace, Sky with Sky or White with Sky. Fenwick's Sale £1



Slipper Satin Dressing Gown—perfectly tailored and with contrast facings. Peach with Turquoise; Peach with Nigger. Fenwick's Sale £1

(right)

Set with brassiere top, and Knickers—trimmed with Ecru lace. Satin or Chiffon. Peach or White. Fenwick's Sale £1



Tinted Lace! on the V neckline of this lovely Satin Nightie, beautifully fitted waistline. Pink Satin with Pink Lace; Blue with Blue or White with Blue. Fenwick's Sale £1



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PICTURES FOR LEISURE



THERE is a decided feeling in the world of dress for something picturesque and decorative, and Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, answer this demand with the altogether charming leisure frocks on this page. They may be seen in the tea-gown department. The crinoline silhouette is an important feature of the model on the right. The Puritan neckline gives it a delightful old-world atmosphere.

The sliding fastener is very practical and decidedly neat in appearance. It costs 7½ guineas. The model on the left is of suede velvet, embroidered with gold thread, and is available in many colours, its price being 8½ guineas. It must not be overlooked that there are corduroy house coats with sliding fastenings for 39s. 6d., and a limited number of admirably tailored warm wool house coats at the same price.

Pictures by Blake

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THE CINEMA—(Continued from page 52)

and husbands were reduced to an amenable four, birds twittered, cherry blossomed, and the girls again took up their serenade with Pop still wagging his flute!

The Latin for "boy" is *puer*, whence we get puerile, which means merely boyish or trivial. And the Latin for "girl" is *puella*, whence I propose to coin the word *puelline* to connote the kind of silliness, a grade beneath puerility, in which this film abounds. There is a scene of two young people practising swinging on a gate, duly repeated at the end of the film like almost everything that happens at the beginning of it, which made more than one adult member of the audience rub his eyes; so unbelievably foolish was the spectacle. There is an embarrassing amount of jinks of a similar order in the household's kitchen and at a picnic. Part redemption came from the sincerity of the little actress who played sister Anne. I cannot give her name, because the Warner does not give, or even sell, a programme. From the glimpse of the cast at the beginning and end of the showing I gathered the confusing fact that, although Anne is not at all like any of her three sisters who very much resemble one another, Anne is played not by Miss Gale Page, which should surely follow, but by one of the Lane Sisters! The reader must make what he can of this; it is too hard a knot for me to untie. Still further redemption came from the performance of the unshaven orchestrator, whom a newcomer called Mr. John Garfield made into a lively, unlikeable, cynical, and wholly credible human being. The car crash killed him, and with his demise the rest of the film, so far as I am concerned, was simultaneously annihilated.



BARBARA STANWYCK AND HENRY FONDA IN "THE MAD MISS MANTON"

Although this picture is not quite as crazy as its title suggests, there are times when it hovers on the brink of it. Miss Manton played by Barbara Stanwyck is a society girl who has been libelled by Peter Ames (Henry Fonda), in a paper of which he is both editor and reporter. He, of course, falls in love with her at first sight, and all's well that ends well. This film is now on at the Plaza

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1. Ask for an allowance of 5s. weekly to make life easier for an old fisherman and his wife, both aged eighty-six. They live in a little fishing town on the Thames Estuary, and having no children to help them in their old age, they are often in difficult circumstances. An unusually nice couple, everyone speaks well of them, and it is certain that they have a hard struggle to live on 20s. weekly, which sum is their sole income. Friends of the Poor ask for £13 to help them for the next twelve months.

CORRECTIONS.

In our issue of December 28, in our description of the pantomime got up by Captain Eddy Compton and members of the Bedale Hunt, we mentioned that Captain Compton was the producer, whereas the credit for that admirable show lies with Mr. E. Roxburgh Kelso, of Darlington, who is well known in the North Country as an actor and producer.

Also in the same issue, we stated that Lady Marjorie Heath was a daughter of Lord and Lady Denbigh. This is incorrect, as Lady Marjorie Heath is a daughter of the late Lady Denbigh. We wish to apologize for the error and for any annoyance it may have caused.

They Walk Alone, a play in three acts and six scenes, by Max Catto, produced by Berthold Viertel, will be presented by Firth Shephard at the Shaftesbury Theatre on Thursday, January 19. This play was seen recently at the "Q" Theatre, and Mr. Shephard has engaged the original cast for the West End production—Beatrice Lehmann, Carol Goodner, Rene Ray, Alastair McIntyre Beckett Bould and Jimmy Hanley. The action of the play takes place in a farm house in Lincolnshire and eight weeks elapse in telling the story.



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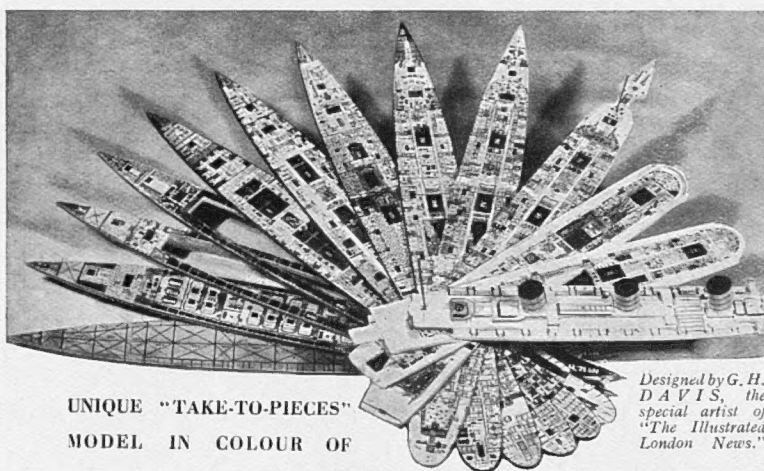
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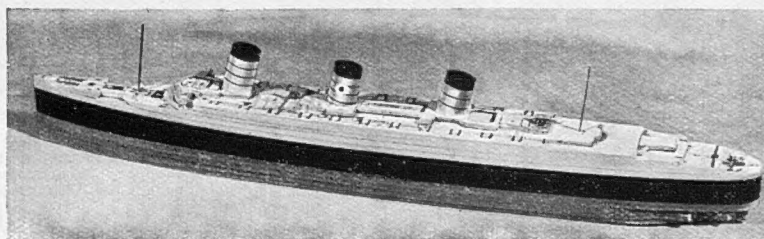
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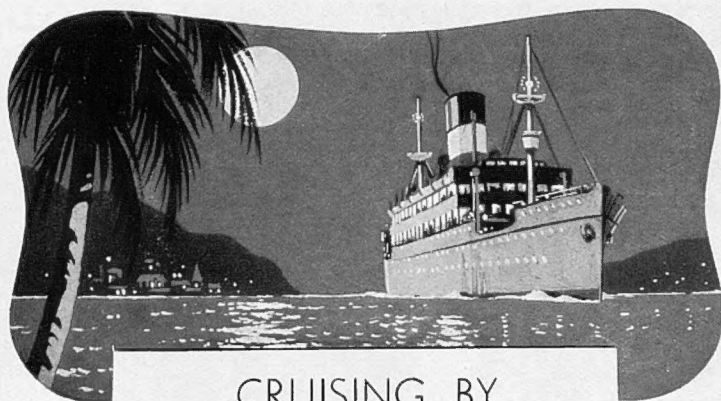
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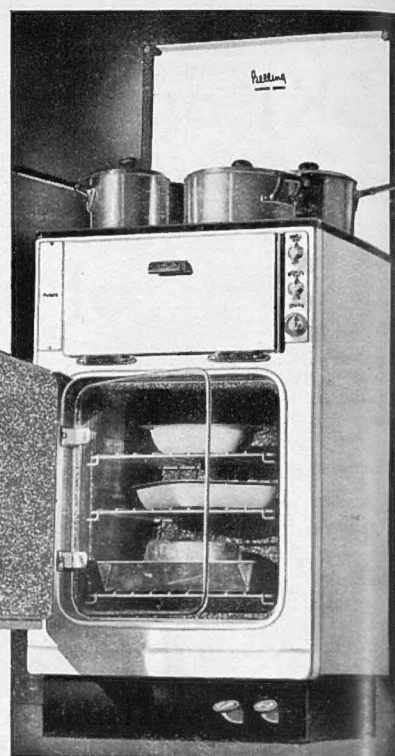
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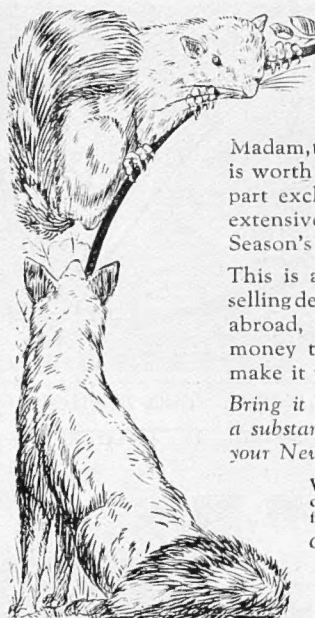
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Wings over the Pacific

by Lady Drummond Hay

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* * *

I had flown the 8,500 miles from London to Singapore in the extraordinarily comfortable Douglas plane *Kwak* of the K.L.M. Dutch Airlines, piloted by the famous Commander Evert van Dijk, who in 1930 flew across the North Atlantic as second

pilot to Air Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith in the three-engine Fokker *Southern Cross*. Upon his return to Holland, Queen Wilhelmina appointed him Knight of the Order of Oranje Nassau. He also holds Dutch and French medals for life-saving.

* * *

DURING the five days' flight, Commander van Dijk often invited me to sit beside him in the second pilot's seat, and let me familiarise myself with the working and adjustments of the automatic pilot. From this point of vantage I saw the black smoke of Vesuvius volcano undulating like a sable banner against a blood-red dawn; the golden coastline of Egypt; my first glimpse of Basra, the Persian Gulf and Baghdad of the fairy tales. Other unforgettable memories will be night-landing at Jodhpur, circling over the city scintillating like the jewels in the Maharaja's turban; the rich afternoon sun setting aflame the golden Shwe Dagön Pagoda in Rangoon. Some 368 feet high, covered with pure gold from base to summit, it dominates the city from an eminence of 168 feet. Before dawn on the last lap, Commander van Dijk called me to the cockpit to see the sun rise on the jungles of Siam, flying low over certain areas where he said the sacred white elephants are found. He told me he sees them sometimes" . . .

Lady Drummond Hay, the author of this article, herself a fully qualified pilot, and the only woman passenger on that memorable round-the-world trip which the "Graf Zeppelin" accomplished in 1929, tells you of her recent flying experiences and of her journey by flying boat across the Pacific, from Manila to San Francisco. Here is real reading enjoyment, interesting, unusual, exciting. Read it all in the January issue of "Britannia and Eve."

And, of course, there is so much more to read and enjoy in the JANUARY Issue of BRITANNIA and EVE

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Catharine I of Russia: Written and
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